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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	571	The Great Century. By Francis Birrell	586
THE CONVERSION TO NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT	574	Intellectual Reaction. By Sherard Vines	588
THE DISINHERITANCE OF AMERICA. By L. B. Namier	575	Some Books on Music	590
THE FARMER AND THE FOX-HUNTER. By G. T. Garratt	577	The American Constitution	590
THE SIXTH FORM AT ST. STEPHEN'S. By Peter Ibbetson	579	The Cambridge Ancient History Reaches Rome	592
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Kappa	579	Georgian Society	592
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: Sir Michael Sadler on Examinations (Norman Keen, and Daniel Evans); Toleration and Truth (J. W. Poynter); Goethe's "Nonsense" (Weimar); The Drudgery of Longhand: Abbreviations Needed (H. Drummond)	581	BOOKS IN BRIEF	594
THE ENGLISHMAN'S RELIGION. By J. A. Hobson	582	NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS	596
TO JAKE WHEREVER HE MAY BE. By Morys Gascoyen	583	AUCTION BRIDGE. By Caliban	596
PLAYS AND PICTURES. By Omicron	584	FINANCIAL SECTION:—	
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—		The Week in the City	598
1778—1878. By Leonard Woolf	585		
REVIEWS:—			
The Resurgent Augustans. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart	586		

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

PARLIAMENT reassembled on Tuesday, and the first score was made by the advocates of a Channel Tunnel, who secured from Mr. Baldwin a promise of "a comprehensive re-examination of the question." Only last November, Mr. Baldwin had refused to reopen the subject, and his rapid conversion will confirm Mr. Selfridge's belief in the power of propaganda through advertisements in the Press. Mr. Baldwin undertook that the inquiry should cover the economic aspects of the matter, "in order that these may be weighed with Imperial defence considerations and a decision reached on broad grounds of national policy." This may be taken as a tacit admission that "defence considerations" are not decisive, and if a strong case is made out for the economic benefits of the Tunnel, it will be difficult for the Committee of Imperial Defence to veto it again without a public statement of its objections. In view of the time that would be required to carry the project through all its stages to the completion of the Tunnel, Mr. Baldwin is anxious that the investigation should take place "outside party atmosphere," and has invited Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald to co-operate with him. This is an interesting development, since the inquiry is to be of a far more comprehensive character than that in which Mr. MacDonald invited the ex-Prime Ministers to participate in 1924.

* * *

The House of Commons resumed its discussion of the Local Government Bill at the "derating" clauses; and a number of Conservative M.P.s attempted to remove from the Bill what is undoubtedly one of its main electioneering weaknesses, namely, the extension of the benefits of derating to the brewing, distilling, and

tobacco industries. For this attempt, however, they were severely rebuked by Mr. Chamberlain, who told them that they had failed to grasp the fundamental principle upon which the Bill was based. This principle is not that of doling out relief to the impoverished or the deserving, but of removing an imposition which is inherently unjust, as well as inexpedient. This answer would be valid, if rates were to be relieved all round. But it loses all its force when we remember that the whole derating scheme is based on a discrimination between "productive industry" and other undertakings. The Government's argument for derating productive industry and leaving the "unjust" imposition of rates on commerce is no other than the argument of the greater needs and greater deserts of the former. And it is not easy to see why, if the larger discrimination is admissible on this ground, the smaller discrimination of excluding breweries, &c., should be inadmissible. The Government's line is, in any case, an arbitrary one. Public utility undertakings, for instance, are excluded for no very obvious reason from the category of productive industry. It would be no more arbitrary in the abstract, and it would be considerably more defensible in the concrete, to exclude likewise breweries, distilleries, and tobacco factories.

* * *

It may well be, however, that Mr. Chamberlain, in resisting this amendment, was moved not only by his point of principle, but by another reason which he would be reluctant to avow. If the amendment had been accepted, the result would have been that the general ratepayers would have gained substantially in districts where there are breweries, distilleries, or tobacco factories, and would have been prejudiced in all other districts. It is clearly quite irrational that the

proposal should involve such consequences, and the fact that it does so well illustrates the essential irrationality of Mr. Chamberlain's financial scheme. If breweries were excluded from derating, the aggregate compensation to be paid by the Exchequer would be *pro tanto* diminished; but the proportions in which this diminished aggregate would be distributed among the different localities would be quite unchanged (since the "formula" takes no account of derating losses). The grant to each locality, whether it contained breweries or not, would accordingly be reduced in the same proportion; and this would mean that the general rate-payers would be much better off in brewery towns, since the breweries would be paying their full rates, while everywhere else they would be worse off. Thus, if the amendment had been carried, Mr. Chamberlain would have had to admit either that his financial redistribution was at first unfair as between brewery and non-brewery towns, or that it had now become unfair. The truth would then have been clear to everyone, that the whole scheme of financial redistribution is utterly arbitrary, not because of any defects intrinsic in the "formula," but because it is used for a purpose for which it is quite inappropriate, namely, the distribution of the derating money.

In declaring their cordial support of the general principle of Scottish Home Rule, neither the Liberal nor Labour Parties are, we believe, in the least degree consciously insincere. None the less, we suspect—and we certainly hope—that Mr. Spence, who has caused a diversion in the North Midlothian by-election by standing as a Nationalist candidate, is right in his suggestion that this support of the general principle will never materialize in the actual establishment of a Scottish Parliament. No workable scheme, which is not manifestly objectionable, has as yet been evolved, and we do not believe that it is possible to evolve one. There are two principal difficulties. One is the difficulty of applying the federal idea, when one partner is overwhelmingly "predominant." The federal idea would require a separate Parliament and Government for England, as well as a Parliament and Government for the United Kingdom. But this would be preposterously cumbrous and chaotic, and no one in fact proposes it. But if the United Kingdom Parliament is to conduct English business, we are faced with the conundrum, which proved so perplexing in the case of Irish Home Rule, of Scottish representation at Westminster. The other difficulty is, in our judgment, more serious, and indeed fundamental. What sources of revenue is the Scottish Parliament to control? Customs and Excise? Every Free Trader, and we imagine most Protectionists, will say no. Income Tax? Can we contemplate complacently the possibility of two systems, and, very likely, two rates of income tax in the United Kingdom?

No doubt some financial arrangement might be devised which would not be absolutely intolerable. But it would certainly impair seriously the efficiency of our financial system. We boast, sometimes ruefully, never without reason, that our system of national taxation is the most efficient in the world. It is so, largely because we are free from the complications of federalism which embarrass so many countries, including Germany and the United States. Socialists who cherish ideas of reconstructing society by surtaxes should beware, above all others, of a policy which involves the multiplication of financial systems. It is no answer to these objections to point out that they arose equally in the case of Irish Home Rule. They were never satisfactorily met. But questions of anomalies and inconveniences were

subordinate in the case of Ireland to the imperious need of substituting a relationship of amity for one of conflict. For this end, it has been well worth our while to acquiesce in the ultimate outcome of Dominion independence and a separate tariff system. The case of Scotland stands on an altogether different footing. The union has been a genuine partnership from which both countries have benefited; and its break-up would be a thoroughly retrograde proceeding; and any half-way house would be an insufferable nuisance.

The position in Afghanistan grows daily more complicated. Within a day or two of the proclamation of Inayatullah Khan as Amir, in succession to his brother Amanullah, Kabul fell into the hands of the bandit leader Bacha-i-Saqao, who promptly proclaimed himself Amir under the title of Amir Ghazi Habibullah. At the joint request of both parties the Royal Air Force carried Inayatullah to Peshawar, from whence he has gone to join his brother at Kandahar. Inayatullah himself seems to have been anxious to remain in India, but this would have been contrary to the arrangement made between Sir Francis Humphreys and the new Amir. Thus the present position is that Habibullah holds Kabul and the surrounding territory; the revolted tribesmen who began the trouble have returned home, and are subject to no authority whatever; while the two deposed Amirs are at Kandahar, where a group of tribes appear to have rallied to Amanullah's support. Afghanistan is split into three parts, and may easily split into several more when the campaigning season begins.

For Great Britain, the situation promises to be most difficult. Confusion in a buffer State, with a mixed population, generally ends in some alteration of the *status quo*, and the preservation of the *status quo* is the chief British interest. The gravest danger of any prolonged break-down in the machinery of government is that the Turkoman tribes, to the north of the Hindu Kush, may proclaim themselves independent and come to some working arrangement with Soviet Russia, whose propaganda has had much success among the nomadic and semi-nomadic peoples of Central Asia. For the moment, fortunately, the existing disorder has not spread north of the Hindu Kush, but the danger mentioned is only one of many nasty contingencies, and until a strong Central Government is established at Kabul, the anxieties of the British and Indian authorities will continue. The best features of the situation are that those authorities have hitherto succeeded in preserving the strictest neutrality, and that the successive changes of Government at Kabul have been accomplished with a minimum of bloodshed.

The Report of the East Africa Commission [Cmd. 3234] is a lengthy, closely packed, and closely reasoned document. It may become an epoch-making one. In its earlier chapters, Sir E. Hilton Young and his fellow Commissioners have set out to define, and to reduce to concrete terms, the principles that should govern the administration of areas with a large native population of mixed origin, and a white minority. Their broad conclusion is that, while every opportunity should be taken to build up the machinery of local self-government, and to educate the native to take his share therein, "The power to define and interpret the 'terms of the trust'—the principles of native policy—must remain with the Imperial Government." In its actual administrative proposals the Report shows, like the recent Donoughmore Report on Ceylon, a refreshing originality—an attempt to provide for a progressive

advance towards self-government by means of institutions adapted to local conditions, and not merely transplanted from the West. Very broadly, the Report proposes a threefold structure—the Colonial Office, strengthened by a fuller use of outside expert advice, as the supreme directing authority on all broad questions of policy; a High Commissioner, later to become a Governor-General for Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika, with a secretariat and advisory Councils, to control matters of common interest; a Governor, with legislative and executive Councils in each territory.

Separate sections of the Report deal with the Constitution of Kenya—where it is proposed that four non-official members, to represent native interests, should replace four official members on the Council—with the relation of Northern Rhodesia and Nyassaland to the northern territories, and with the definition of the questions of common interest—native policy, transport, and Customs—with which the High Commissioner (later the Governor-General) will be specially concerned. The Report, clearly, is not a document on which judgment can be lightly passed. Its proposals, which go into great detail, require to be "chewed and digested." It invites, and will doubtless receive, criticism from many different angles. It is clear, for instance, that it will bitterly disappoint those White Settlers of Kenya who aspire to a free hand with the natives, and that this will go far to win the confidence and approval of liberal opinion.

The ratification of the Kellogg Pact by the United States Senate has cleared the way for the Cruiser Bill. Opponents of that measure are concerting obstructionist tactics, but the Republican leaders are confident of their ability to force it through, and the hardest fight is likely to come on an amendment to adopt President Coolidge's recommendation to eliminate the time-limit for construction. The ratification of the Pact is undoubtedly popular in the States; but its more ardent supporters, including President Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, are disappointed that Senator Borah found it necessary to accept the proposal for an explanatory report, and there is some fear that the emphasis laid on the Monroe Doctrine in this report may affect the attitude of the South American States. The report, however, was not voted upon, and has thus no legislative effect. Of the European signatories, M. Briand has already introduced a Bill for ratification, and Poland has accepted, in principle, the Soviet Government's proposal for a protocol bringing the provisions of the Pact into immediate effect, provided the other Baltic States and Roumania are included. At the request of the Soviet Government, Poland has undertaken to sound Roumania on the question of adherence to the Pact, and it is hoped that the protocol negotiations may prove a means for lifting Russo-Roumanian relations out of the impasse arising from the transfer of Bessarabia to Roumania.

The suppression of political parties in Yugoslavia continues. The Croat Peasant Party, the Bosniaks, the German Party, and even the Slovene Clericals, whose leader, Father Koroshetz, the ex-Premier, is now Minister of Railways, have all been formally dissolved. The Serbian parties remain in a state of suspended animation; they are holding no meetings, publishing no newspapers, and, under the new Law for Defence of the Realm, they will automatically cease to exist unless they receive a licence to continue within a month. Meanwhile, the Ministers, disencumbered of the old crowd of petitioners, armed with recommenda-

tions from their Deputies, are settling down to the work of administration; the staffs are being purged of officials implicated in financial scandals; the unified Penal Code, over which the Skupshtina has been wrangling for seven years, is to be issued within the next few weeks. So far, so good. The new broom, as often happens with an honest dictatorship, sweeps clean.

The reports from Italy leave no doubt that the Italian Government and the Vatican are very near a final agreement. The concessions the Italian authorities are willing to make prove that they attach great value to a settlement. A small Papal State is to be created on Italian territory; it is to be large enough to accommodate all the business offices of the Ministers accredited to the Vatican, and is to have communication facilities with the sea and with the Italian railway system. A considerable sum is to be paid by way of compensation for the Papal territories annexed half a century ago. The creation of an autonomous State in Italy excites apprehensions very similar to those which the Channel Tunnel scheme has aroused in this country; but the Fascist Ministers are evidently confident that the agreement will be accepted by the country, and that the Fascist State has nothing to gain and everything to lose by supporting its theories of national unity by clerical legislation on the French model. Outside Italy, the interest of the arrangement will lie in its bearing on the Pope's position as an international "person."

It is somewhat ludicrous that the Iraqi Government should have joined issue with the British High Commissioner on a defence question whilst the Wahabi tribesmen are prowling along the south-western border, and just after a series of destructive raids into their territory has been stopped by the intervention of the Royal Air Force. The chief points at issue seem to be the British requirements that the higher commands in the Iraqi Army should only be held by officers agreeable to Great Britain, and that Iraq should make good, when her finances permit, the difference between the expense of maintaining British forces in Iraq and that of maintaining them at home. The first of these demands is regarded by the Iraqi nationalists as a gross indignity; but it is a point on which the British can hardly give way so long as they share the responsibility for the defence of the country. The existing Ministry has resigned, and the deadlock will continue until the new High Commissioner, Sir Gilbert Clayton, arrives. The Sheikhs and other tribal representatives, who place little faith in the Iraqi Army, have expressed their approval of the British demands.

The Registrar-General's provisional figures for 1928 show a birth-rate for England and Wales of 16.7 (0.1 per 1,000 above that of 1927); a death-rate of 11.7 (0.6 per 1,000 below that of 1927, and only 0.1 per 1,000 above the lowest recorded); and an infant mortality-rate of 65 per 1,000 births (the lowest recorded; 4 per 1,000 births below that of 1923). The continued fall in the rate of infant mortality is one of the most remarkable and salutary features of this century. Throughout the reign of Queen Victoria the rate remained virtually constant at over 150 per 1,000 births; since then it has steadily fallen, and, despite the painful conditions in the stricken coal-mining areas, it continues to fall. The change from a rate of 150 to one of 65 per 1,000 births is a very great achievement in itself, and it indicates an advance in civilization—in the conditions of life, in health and housing, and in medical knowledge—which is extremely significant.

THE CONVERSION TO NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

THE House of Commons has reassembled; and the noses of M.P.s are back to the grindstone of the Local Government Bill. It will not be surprising or culpable, however, if there is a tendency for their minds to stray. The public, as every week makes clearer, refuses to take an interest in the Local Government Bill. But it is taking a noticeably increasing interest in something else. During these last few months, so barren of outstanding events or arresting controversies, something very important has been happening. Public opinion has been undergoing a process of conversion on a vital issue. It is coming to insist that the problem of unemployment must be taken seriously in hand. It is coming to appreciate that this must involve, as we have long urged in this journal, a vigorous policy of national development. It is coming to feel that this is the essential task of our economic statesmanship, and that, in comparison with it, everything else is froth and bubble.

Let no one underrate the reality or the significance of this conversion. It is true, of course, that the idea of national development has long been widely advocated, that it has figured prominently in the programmes of the Liberal and Labour Parties, and has been supported by many Conservatives and by a large body of non-political opinion. It is probable, on the other hand, that opposition to the idea is by no means dead, and that there will still be found those who will condemn it, as the Industrial Transference Board did only a few months ago, as futile, wasteful, and unsound. For all that, the change in public opinion is unmistakable. The attitude of the ordinary intelligent person on this issue has been, until lately, hesitating and haphazard. He has listened to the advocate of national development, and he has been disposed to agree that there is a good deal to be said for the idea. He has listened to the exponent of orthodox finance, who has told him that it is merely the old discredited policy of relief works, that it is fundamentally wrong for the State to provide "artificial" employment, that what is really needed is to improve our credit by reducing Government expenditure and Government borrowing to the minimum, and again he has been impressed. These admonitions have carried such a powerful suggestion of sounder judgment and deeper insight. Perhaps it would be safest to stick to traditional policies; and perhaps, after all, matters would soon mend, trade expand, and unemployment fall.

But such hesitations have been swept away during the last few months by the growing recognition of the appalling state of things in the distressed areas, and by the renewed tendency for the unemployment figures to rise rather than to fall. The second stage in the long process of the conversion of public opinion is now, we believe, nearly complete. The first was the dissipation of the illusion of the Grand Trade Revival, waiting just round the corner, which would enable our basic industries to reabsorb their surplus labour, and go merrily ahead once more. Such hopes were slow to die, but they have been stone dead now for about a year; and when the Industrial Transference Board last

summer asserted the inexorable need for "transference" on a colossal scale, no one was left infatuated enough to question their conclusion. We had fondly hoped that, when this was recognized, the corollary of the need for development schemes would have been accepted forthwith. But in this we were wrong. Time was still needed to dispel the idea, to which the Industrial Transference Board gave the weight of their authority, that the work of transference might be satisfactorily accomplished by such methods as appeals to individual employers, without taking any steps whatever to provide additional employment or to secure a buoyant labour market. But it has not taken so long to dispel this idea as to dispel the illusion of the Grand Trade Revival. The question is now settled for most people by the present figures of unemployment, nearly a quarter of a million more than a year ago.

The public attitude towards the policy of national development is, accordingly, very different to-day from what it was only yesterday. It is now, we believe, the general, prevailing, almost unanimous, view that this policy *must* be tried. Evidence of this change of attitude will be apparent on all sides to the discerning. But we may call attention to a public declaration which is, in our view, peculiarly significant, namely, the speech delivered last week by Mr. F. C. Goodenough at the Annual General Meeting of Barclays Bank. Remember that we have come to regard our Bank Chairmen as the foremost protagonists of the copybook maxims of sound finance, and that Mr. Goodenough, though an open-minded and enlightened man, is free from any suspicion of heretical tendencies, such as attaches to Mr. McKenna. We shall then be in a position to appraise the significance of the following passage. Mr. Goodenough has been urging reorganization in some of our depressed industries. This may not, he admits, enable them to reabsorb their surplus labour. But, he proceeds,

"there is ample opportunity for affording relief in other parts of the country, both through new and expanding industries located in the South, and in works of a more or less public character, such as levelling, roadmaking, planting, and drainage in many areas. Much requires to be done in work of such a description, both of a productive and of an unproductive character."

Quiet and humdrum though these words appear, it will be seen that Mr. Goodenough goes really very far. *Much requires to be done in the way of public works; on enterprises both of a productive and of an unproductive character.* (Mr. Goodenough presumably means financially remunerative as well as unremunerative.) And in Mr. Goodenough's view such enterprises, together with the ordinary process of transference, afford *ample opportunity* of relieving the unemployment problem. Such words from a cautious Bank Chairman indicate, better perhaps than anything else could do, how widespread and how genuine is the movement of opinion which we have been describing.

To the Government and the Conservative Party this general conversion to the policy of national development cannot be agreeable. It means that unemployment is likely to be the dominating issue at the approaching General Election, and that no one is likely to be impressed by the claim that the de-rating scheme is an adequate unemployment policy. Nor is that all.

If the Government, which has made successive raids upon the Road Fund, and has restricted all capital expenditure by the State within the narrowest possible limits, were now to turn round and announce its intention of building roads and promoting public works on an ambitious scale, it would present its opponents with the damaging admission that it has been wrong and that they have been right on the most vital question of the day.

None the less, if Ministers decide for such reasons to bury their heads in the sands they will make a great mistake from their own point of view. It is true, of course, that the unemployment issue is bound to prove damaging to the Government, whatever it now does. And rightly so. The responsibility of Ministers is heavy. By restoring the gold standard in 1924, and passing the Eight Hour Act for the coal mines in 1926, they have contributed largely to the present volume of unemployment. By taking the latter step, which involved the displacement of hundreds of thousands of miners as a certain consequence, they assumed a moral obligation to do all that lay within their power to stimulate a compensating demand for labour. And they have shown no sense whatever of this obligation. More than a year passed, a year during which the Road Fund was raided for a second time, before they began to admit the existence of a "transfer" problem, calling for special treatment. Another year has gone, and they have done no more than "potter about" with the problem, to use an old phrase of Mr. Baldwin's own. For this record a reckoning awaits them, which no eleventh-hour repentance can enable them to escape. But the admission of error implied by a change of policy would, at any rate, injure them less than continuance in their present courses. If they offer an electorate, now becoming thoroughly aroused, no other hope of mastering unemployment under Conservative rule than such as can be derived from perfunctory predictions of improving trade and manifestly exaggerated assertions of the benefits which will follow from de-rating, they will fare badly indeed at the polls this year.

While the large majority of people have come round, we believe, to the view that the policy of national development should be fairly tried, we do not suppose that the more doctrinaire adherents of conventional financial orthodoxy are in the least reconciled. We shall doubtless hear once more the familiar arguments by which they seek to show that the idea is inherently unsound. There is, however, one favourite sophistry, which we suggest to them it is becoming dangerous to employ. We mean the sophistry that any loans raised for development purposes must come out of the general pool of credit available for industry, and must therefore entail a commensurate contraction in the volume of ordinary business and employment. Do those who employ this argument (and Ministers are particularly fond of it) realize what a grave indictment they are bringing against the Bank of England? Any expansion of industrial activity will require, as an indispensable condition, an increase in the aggregate volume of industrial advances. Is it seriously contended that our banks are unable, or would be unwilling, to allow such an increase to take place; that they can only

grant manufacturer Paul an advance by taking it away from manufacturer Peter; and that any tendency for industry to expand is bound therefore to be nipped in the bud by insufficient credit? If this be true, the case for overhauling the present policy of the Bank of England is even stronger than we had supposed. There are already widespread and not, we believe, baseless suspicions that that policy is a material factor in our present industrial stagnation. Do the opponents of national development wish to persuade the public that no trade recovery is even *possible* until that policy is changed?

THE DISINHERITANCE OF AMERICA

By L. B. NAMIER.

ONCE talked to an American girl about the Anglo-Saxons in America, how they alone dare not show any feeling for the name and the flag of their original home, and would be pilloried by their hyphenated fellow-citizens, did they choose to forget the renunciation of Englishry which they made one hundred and fifty years ago. She protested passionately: "It is not we who have renounced England, England has renounced us. We keep returning, and produce amazing reasons for it. We want to shoot grouse, and there are none in America; we want to give parties, and don't like them dry. We invent a hundred futile excuses. The fact is, we want to come to England; and when we do, we are sneered at and treated as strangers."

Granted, she is not typical of America, and, in fact, not even of her own family; some of them, of equally pure Anglo-Saxon lineage, travel all over Europe, but in sullen hatred refuse to visit England. Still, what is that if not an inverted, but almost equally telling, proof of their "family fixation" on this country? Why should they avoid the land of their ancestors, geographically the nearest to them, the country whose language they speak? Can this still be an after-effect of "the Boston tea-party" of December 1773? Does it not suggest some enduring source of irritation, an invisible tie which survives against their will and even without their knowing, and, in a hidden manner, hampers, hurts, and provokes them—a persisting bondage?

We may note the explanations usually given for anti-British feeling in America. History as hitherto taught in American schools—but why should intelligent, self-respecting people have suffered so long nonsensical insults to be offered to their nearest kinsmen, and even to their own ancestors? For of the Anglo-Saxon ancestors of present-day Americans, in 1783 at least half were still on this side of the water. "The melting-pot"—"many races have gone to make this nation." Hysteria is "a somatic conversion of psychic facts," and the claim to alien ancestry raised on behalf of the American nation is an attempt to provide a somatic explanation for a mental attitude. Moreover the claim is raised for the nation only, while the individual American, when tracing his own family, dwells by preference on his British ancestors, and does not eagerly search for immigrants from Eastern or Southern Europe among his forefathers, though their blood would most clearly distinguish him from Englishmen, and most effectively obliterate the stigma of Englishry; an admixture of Irish, German, Scandinavian, Dutch, French, or Jewish blood, Englishmen have no less than Americans. Nor is

it the "unmelting foreigner" who produces the alienation from England, however much he may be interested in its existence. When insults are hurled at England, the man's name is Thompson, not Tomasini or Tomashevich. Poor "Big Bill"—it requires no psycho-analyst to tell him that his vision of King George V. at Chicago was an inverted, subconscious declaration of allegiance. Were he of German, Italian, or Slav extraction, the idea would not have occurred to him, but his disordered English thoughts straggled back into his repressed English past, and, however much circumstances or accidents may have contributed to it, the racial background of his vision is indelibly marked. It is that English past, neither ingested nor overcome, neither revived nor dead, which poisons the American mind with regard to England.

The relation of man to earth, of which he is and to which he returns, the mysterious bond between him and his native land, gives rise to curious social conceptions. Communities are personified by the name of the country they inhabit; a parental character is ascribed to the community which continues in the original territory as against the colonies, its "children"; and conscious historic continuity in communities largely depends on an unbroken connection (be it merely ideal or sentimental) with a definite territory. The joint result was, and remains, perhaps the most important disturbing factor in Anglo-American relations.

In the eighteenth century England and America were primarily territorial conceptions. Englishmen and Americans were not Spartans and helots, inhabiting one territory, but separated by an invisible barrier, which individuals could not cross. Specific political advantages were connected with residence in this island, and were acquired by Americans on landing in Great Britain, and given up by Britons migrating to the Colonies. John Huske, Barlow Trecothick, Henry Cruger, and Paul Wentworth, all four Americans, came over to England and sat in the British Parliament in the crucial period of 1761-1783, while Tom Paine and William Gordon, absolute newcomers to America, were foremost among her spokesmen in the conflict with England. When "America" and "England" are discussed in history, one does not think about the actual individuals who composed the two communities, and territorial descriptions are treated as if the human element covered by them had been constant. Thus even Americans, whose families did not migrate till the nineteenth century, and who therefore in 1783 came under the designation of England and not of America, still speak as if they had shared in the supposed indignities of Colonial dependence. But the easier it is for individuals to pass from one group to the other, the more imperative it becomes for them to ascribe reality to territorial denominations.

In the discussions of 1764-76 England and the Colonies are continually personified as the Mother Country and its "offspring," the parent who ought to be tender and lenient, and the children who should be affectionate, dutiful, and obedient; and one feels relieved when Benjamin Franklin, a scientist and not an historian, at last asks the obvious question, whether a young Englishman is the father of an elderly American, and whether grey hair in the Colonies is less venerable than in Great Britain? And yet, if a man thinks himself the Emperor of China, there must be some subjectively valid reason for such a fantasy, and when whole communities get obsessed by a delusion, there must be something in it which is individually normal.

Moreover this particular delusion was not peculiar to eighteenth-century Anglo-Saxons. In the dispute between Corinth and Coreyra, according to Thucydides, the Coreyreans declared that they had not gone forth to be slaves, and the "parental" Corinthians replied that they

had not nurtured the infant colony to be insulted afterwards: by two thousand years they forestalled the argument of 1774. Indeed, a fetishism of places is universally human, and was reproduced even by those who are sometimes alleged to have been reborn with a new consciousness, when they touched American soil. In 1634, a few years after Watertown in Massachusetts had been founded, part of the colonists left it and settled at Weathersfield; but when divisions occurred in the new congregation, according to Trumbull, "the church at Watertown, as they had not dismissed their brethren at Weathersfield from their watch, judged it their duty to make them a visit, and to attempt to heal the divisions." Similar action on the part of Weathersfield would probably have been considered uncalled-for, and even insolent—a few years' difference sufficed to establish a family hierarchy.

The idea of "young nations" to some extent explains its origin. What is it that makes nations young or old, and how can an entire nation be either? A friend, more than twenty years my senior, hearing me speak of the Jews as the oldest of nations, impatiently protested that all mankind was coeval. "Would you then say," I replied, "that we two are the same age, because the matter of which we consist is coeval?" The age of men and nations alike is in the length of conscious continuity. Anchored in the Bible and the Promised Land, we Jews look back at three thousand years of a national existence focused on one idea. The historic consciousness of the Englishman extends over a thousand years, as far back as his churches and churchyards take him—"ce qui fait la patrie, ce sont les autels des dieux et les tombeaux des ancêtres." But what about the American? As an idea, untrue of at least 90 per cent. of his countrymen, he extends it over three hundred years; if he goes further back, his thoughts carry him to England, the Mother Country of the Anglo-Saxon community in America, not the native land of the individual American Anglo-Saxon; it is anterior to America, older than his present homeland. Were England in ruins, dead, and uninhabited, it would be a holy shrine to Americans. But this island continued its own development, and the England of the American emigrants has not acted, either in life or death, the personified part of a "mother." The kinsmen who have stayed behind, are now seated in the place of the common ancestors; they have an individuality of their own, and yet identify themselves with these ancestors, and in a way impersonate them. A very complex psychological situation has arisen; those kinsmen seem to monopolize the common inheritance; it adds to their self-conscious dignity; the present-day Englishman seems to stand between the American and his own past.

It is this which makes, at least some, Americans feel that they have been "renounced" by England. They are strangers in the land which is their ancestral home no less than of present-day Englishmen (and more so than of some who have since entered it). They have left it one, two, or three centuries ago; they may have been actuated by economic considerations, or driven out by political or religious dissensions, or they may have gone as a matter of choice, from a sense of adventure; they have done well for their descendants; these are now prosperous, rich, much richer than their English cousins. And yet—their historic birthright—is compensation for it to be found in gold? With gold they try to regain at least some of the inheritance. They buy mediæval manuscripts, Shakespeare folios, English pictures; they want the bones of General Oglethorpe; they transfer historic buildings, carefully marking the stones, so as to reconstruct them accurately on the other side; they try boldly to reacquire a piece of their

own past and set it up in their new homes. They pay fantastic prices for the manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland," and argue that Mary who had a lamb was an American—a symbolic attempt to Americanize their "childhood." The manifestations of their craving to regain their lost "shadow" are sometimes grotesque, but there is human feeling and unconscious suffering in them; the historic tragedy engenders bitterness. No corresponding development is noticeable among the German-Americans, or the American Scandinavians, Czechs, Poles, &c., not even among the Scottish settlers in America, or the English settlers in the Argentine. For none of them have created a new political entity in their own terms; there is no interplay of territorial conceptions. The original attachment may be extinguished but is never inverted into bitterness; for such differences arise on a group basis only.

Hitherto the great mass of Americans who roamed about an empty Continent, had little historic sense, and so have those who to this day form America's floating population. One has to be normally static to have a normal perception of movement. For Americans, until recently, time did not seem to flow. So far from living at a quicker pace than other nations, even the historically minded used to jumble up the past with the present—to them it was all on one plane; I knew an American who felt deeply about the "bar-sinister" of his English ancestor in the fifteenth century. But the more the Americans (and also the younger Dominions) attain stability, and become conscious of their historic continuity, the more they will reach back to their English past; and the moral and psychological problem will increase in importance: how that English past, which is the common inheritance of all Anglo-Saxons, can be made truly common to them all; for Englishmen are its trustees rather than its sole heirs.

Unless family relations are exceedingly good, it is hard to bear the apparent superiority with which "the fetishism of places" endows those in possession of the original home. The break between England and America came, not as a revolt against real "oppression"—excessive importance must not be attached to the American fears of being "enslaved" by means of stamps or of a tea-duty; such catastrophes are common wherever Anglo-Saxons play at politics, and are called upon to pay taxes (when in 1645, Connecticut tried to impose a small duty at Saybrook, on the Connecticut River, Massachusetts protested that this duty would "necessarily enslave their posterity," and when in 1754 an Excise Act was passed by Massachusetts, Plymouth declared that it would not merely "destroy the natural rights of every private family but also of each individual in the Government"). The revolt was against the superiority assumed by those who stayed behind. The bonds remained close, and there was no real estrangement in the sense of feeling alien to each other. In June, 1774, Charles Thomson wrote to Samuel Adams:—

"Would to God they all, even our enemies, knew the warm attachment we have for Great Britain, notwithstanding we have been contending these ten years with them for our rights."

There was the common spiritual treasure in the Mother Country, and Americans expected to share in it for all time, or, indeed, to become its main heirs. William Hooper wrote about Great Britain on January 6th, 1776, half a year before he signed the Declaration of Independence as a representative of North Carolina:—

"Oh Heaven! Still check her approaching ruin; restore her to the affection of her American subjects. May she long flourish as the guardian of freedom, and whenever the change comes, and come it must, that

America must become the seat of Empire, may Britain gently verge down the decline of life and sink away in the arms of American sons."

How much is told in these few lines! The idea of the "Mother Country" and her "children" is pushed to its logical conclusion—as children grow up, the parents become old and weak, which analogy about 1770 produced the belief in America that Great Britain was rapidly declining. The status of "subjects" is implicitly accepted, and the character of "the guardian of freedom," is attributed as natural to her. And the final conclusion is that her inheritance is to pass to the Americans. In the unconscious depths, the bitterness, which is still alive in Americans of pure Anglo-Saxon lineage over the Revolution, does not refer to the incidents of 1774, nor even to the calamities of the war, but to the lasting exclusion of Americans from the common English inheritance. From this point of view it is indifferent whether the ancestors of the present-day American crossed the Atlantic before or after 1783.

All this may seem fantastic to Englishmen who know, and possibly have suffered from, the "man of Kansas"; still more so to that man himself. He may even feel insulted; it has never occurred to him that he wants to be English, or to look back across centuries to the churches and churchyards of England. And yet, whoever comes to see what the vision of King George at Chicago really means, will perhaps withhold judgment, and try to re-examine the unconscious foundations of American mentality. That striving back—not so much to present-day England, but to the common past—which appears, positive and crystallized, in many modern American historians and in the most cultured Americans, exists, be it in an unconscious or still more often in a negative form, in the mind of the average Anglo-Saxon American. The very heat and passion with which he reacts to the name and idea of England is an eloquent proof of their not being indifferent to him.

THE FARMER AND THE FOX-HUNTER

ASOMERSET farmer has forbidden the local Hunt to ride over his land, and the amount of sympathy which his attitude seems to have aroused throughout the country suggests that another ancient institution may soon have to justify its existence before a sceptical public. Until recently the only opposition to fox and stag hunting, which was sufficiently organized to be articulate, came from the humanitarians. The country has never treated this line of attack very seriously. Those enthusiasts who would forbid the sport on account of its cruelty have still to convert the R.S.P.C.A. to something more than a protest against the use of carted deer. Left to themselves the humanitarians are not likely to make any huntsman lie awake at night, wondering if he will lose his job. The position will, however, be entirely altered if the movement against hunting is joined by even a small proportion of those who suffer loss or annoyance through the sport, and there are unmistakable signs that an increasing number of people would, on these grounds, like to curtail the area over which fox and stag hunting should be permitted, and would also like to make those who participate in these amusements more directly responsible for any damage which they may cause.

There are several reasons for this changed outlook. The old-fashioned tenant-farmers were traditionally used to their landlords enjoying all sporting rights over the land.

Some return was expected in the form of reduced rents when times were bad. Many of the larger farmers kept a few riding horses, occasionally hunted, and made a little money by breeding or dealing in hunters. There was a vague feeling that hunting "brought money into the country," and encouraged land-owners to live on their estates. Even those wealthier men who owned their own farms usually liked to pose as "gentlemen farmers," and the blend of a little pressure from the landlords and a modicum of tact on the part of the M.F.H. was quite sufficient to overwhelm any local opposition. There has been a very rapid change since the war. Many of the larger estates have been broken up or have changed hands, and a generation of farmers is growing up who do not hunt, and are not much inclined to accept the old social order. The new landlords often have little interest in country life, and are too busy to have any personal acquaintance with their tenants. Nearly a fifth of our agricultural land is now owned by the men farming it, and in many counties there are large colonies of smallholders who are tenants of the County Councils. Few of the smaller farmers keep riding horses, and the general depression in the industry has made everyone less inclined to suffer even a small loss without a definite and adequate *quid pro quo*. Fox-hunters themselves have helped to draw a distinct line between those who work the land, and those who merely use it for sport. The snobbish traditions of the Midlands have spread into those Western counties, where before the war a man could turn out mounted on anything with four sound legs, and yet not be made to feel uncomfortable.

It is not easy to calculate the total loss which our farmers, smallholders, and cottagers suffer, both directly and indirectly, from hunting—from the cavalcade of more or less inexperienced people riding across country, and from the insatiable appetite of the foxes, the preservation of which is the illogical but inevitable corollary of modern hunting. The evil is probably growing worse. The damage, due to the "poaching" of heavy land, and the breaking down of fences, is probably increasing every year. Modern arable methods lend themselves to winter seeding, and the labour costs involved in repairing gates and fences have risen enormously, while the standard of consideration and horsemanship amongst hunting men has certainly not improved. Other tendencies in modern farming add to the losses from hunting. Two instances are the increase in dairy farming, and the popularity of the outdoor system of pig-keeping. Our paddocks to-day contain a far larger proportion of valuable breeding cows and breeding sows than they did before the war. Both are liable to suffer very seriously from a sudden incursion of hounds and galloping horses. The loss on this account is uncertain, but may be very heavy, and falls entirely on the farmer. No Hunt Secretary would consider a claim on account of a heifer which died having her first calf, or for a litter containing a number of dead pigs, when these misfortunes may occur several weeks after the hounds have run through the farm, and it would be impossible to prove any direct responsibility.

The damage done to stock by disturbance, the poaching of farm roads and gateways, the destruction of fences, and the injury to winter corn, all these are losses which fall chiefly on the larger farmers, who should be able to look after themselves. The depredations of the foxes themselves injure a much larger section of the population. Reynard is a very wasteful marauder, killing much more than he eats, and one must charge against his annual account a considerable number of lambs, kids, and geese, as well as two or three million head of poultry. Nearly all the loss

is borne by the individual poultry owner. The Hunt only pays compensation on a small proportion of the fowls actually killed, and the rate of payment is seldom more than the bare price of the cheapest kind of poultry. It would never cover the expense of replacing, for example, the pullets in a flock of heavy laying birds which the owner may have been building up for some years. Hunting has, in fact, become a parasitic sport, which does an immense amount of damage. Those who participate in the sport do not pay for this damage, and there is no legal machinery for making them pay. Nearly all of the damage falls upon individuals who do not hunt themselves, and who receive little or nothing back for compensation, either directly or indirectly. Even the argument that hunting helps agriculture has worn very thin. It may create a local demand for hay, straw, and oats, all of which are much better "fed" by the farmer to his own stock on his own farm. A comparatively small increase in poultry farming throughout the country would be worth much more to the corn merchant and the arable farmer than any amount of hunting.

It is sometimes forgotten that the discouragement of poultry farming, and of poultry keeping by cottagers, is not only due to the number of fowls which are taken by foxes, and for which no compensation is paid, or for which only a few shillings can be obtained after a long and unpleasant correspondence. In many parts of England more poultry would be kept if it was safe to give them "free range," while there are thousands of villagers who would keep a few hens if this did not mean turning out each night to shut them up. Few returned fox-hunters realize, as they have their boots pulled off before a comfortable fire, that at that very moment thousands of tired farm labourers are pulling on their wet boots again in order to "lock up them dratted hens," an operation which would be entirely unnecessary if that "evil-smelling vermin,"[†] the fox, had been exterminated—as it undoubtedly would have been exterminated—in all except those outlying and uncultivated parts of the country where foxhunting would be a harmless and inoffensive sport.

Apart from the injustice of allowing a few people, nearly all of whom are extremely wealthy, to inflict any loss upon a number of other people, most of whom are very poor, the country as a whole suffers from the damage done to land, stock, and poultry. The annual damage is a direct loss to the nation, and the reimbursement of individual farmers and poultry keepers by members of the Hunt does not help matters in the least. There is also little doubt that hunting, in many subtle ways, is responsible for much bad and unenterprising farming. The wealthy farmer is tempted to emulate the "lazy, lordly life" of the hunting squire, when he should be employing his time and his inherited wealth in developing his business. In keen hunting counties the landlords tend to favour the unenterprising but "sporting" farmer as a tenant rather than his more efficient but possibly cantankerous neighbour. In the arable counties hunting has always been a nuisance to everybody on the land, and even in the grassland areas the sport will do much to discourage farmers who may wish to adopt the new method of the intensive cultivation of pastures, because this necessitates a large amount of wire fencing. Hunting is becoming an anachronism, which is already quite out of place in any area which takes its farming seriously. It should now be relegated to those parts, like Dartmoor, where the land is never likely to be used for anything but very rough grazing.

G. T. GARRATT.

THE SIXTH FORM AT ST. STEPHEN'S

"One of the great charms of my sex is that the best of us remain boys to the end. . . . We men have our faults, but the secret of eternal boyhood is in us, in our feelings, and possibly sometimes in our manners and in our customs."

"I rejoice to find that in this age of progress the advertisement is here to-day. 'Stink bombs. Just drop one. 3d.'"—Mr. Baldwin on the 50th anniversary of the BOYS' OWN PAPER.

MASTER S. BALDWIN: I tell you what it is, you chaps, we're getting jolly unpopular, and we shall have to do something about it.

CHAMBERLAIN MINOR: Oh, but we *are* doing something. Hav'n't you seen the jolly old formula that Winston and I have worked out? It's topping.

MASTER AMERY: Shut up, young Chamberlain. I'm sick of hearing you swanking about your blessed formula. I hate maths, anyway.

CHAMBERLAIN MINOR (earnestly): But it's quite easy to understand, really. I'm not much good at maths myself, but I found that by swotting at it I could see what it was meant to mean.

MASTER AMERY: Well, it isn't going to make us popular, that's a dead cert. I propose that we build a socking great tariff wall all round the Empire.

MASTER CHURCHILL: What a rotten idea! We want to get out, a lot more than anyone wants to get in. Why not dig a jolly old tunnel under the Channel?

MASTER BRIDGEMAN: Not in these trousers! Hav'n't you ever heard about "our island home," and "the sea that made us what we are," and all that? I call it a beastly unpatriotic suggestion. Let's build lots and lots of boats.

CHAMBERLAIN MAJOR: If you're not jolly careful, young Bridgeman, you'll be getting an impot, like me. Old Bull is making me write out, "I must not forget America," five hundred times.

MASTER HICKS: Hullo, Austen. I thought you were going to be moved into another House?

CHAMBERLAIN MAJOR: There has been some gas about it. In fact, the Guv'nor says that if that Welsh blighter won't leave me alone, I shall have to be shifted after the hols.

CHAMBERLAIN MINOR: Shouldn't wonder if you get shifted *during* the hols., if you *will* go to Birmingham. I'm clearing out of the beastly hole altogether.

MASTER S. BALDWIN: We shall all get shifted, if we can't think of some wheeze for pleasing somebody.

MASTER HICKS: Let's go and spy on people in Hyde Park. You've no idea what dirty work goes on there. And we might make a huge bonfire of books. There are heaps and heaps of books that I never want to read.

MASTER CHURCHILL: Scrag that fellow, somebody. It's him that makes us so infernally unpopular, with his namby-pamby pi-jaw.

MASTER HICKS (defiantly): Not half so much as you do with your raids on everybody's pocket-money, young Churchill.

MASTER CHURCHILL: Stow it, Jix.

MASTER HICKS: Hold your row, Winston.

(*They scrap.*)

MASTER S. BALDWIN: Shut up, both of you. Seems to me, we're in a pretty rotten state. We're not much good at work, and games aren't in our line. The only thing left for us to do is to throw stink bombs. I see them advertised in the BOY'S OWN PAPER for 3d. each.

MASTER CHURCHILL (regretfully): Smith used to throw

stink bombs better than any of us, and he's left. What happened to him? Was he expelled?

MASTER S. BALDWIN: No, he left of his own free will. He's got a jolly good job in the City.

MASTER CHURCHILL: That's a brain-wave. I wonder whether he could get me a job?

And me.

ALL: And me.

And me.

And me.

MASTER HICKS (despondently): Not if I know Smith. (*Curtain.*)

PETER IBBETSON.

LIFE AND POLITICS

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL'S declaration in favour of Home Rule for Scotland has been taken, with the ready cynicism of politics, as dictated by Liberal Party necessities in the North Midlothian election. The peculiar circumstances of the election were doubtless responsible for the explanation being made at that moment, but there was, of course, nothing new in it. Scottish Home Rule has been a Liberal "plank" for a long time: since the Newcastle programme, if I am not mistaken. It is old, traditional Liberalism, and it is rather surprising to find critics talking as if the Liberal Party had suffered a violent conversion to the principle, or as they would put it, were desperately angling for Nationalist votes. As a matter of fact, Mr. Keir, the Liberal candidate, puts Scottish Home Rule at the top of his election address, and that makes the candidature of Mr. Spence all the more curious. It seems absurd that the progressive vote should be still further divided by the intrusion of a one-idea man. I am told, however, that Scottish Home Rule of the Liberal variety, is not good enough for Mr. Spence. He wants Dominion Home Rule, which is a different—and an even more visionary—thing. Mere devolution is far too meek and mild for the knight-errant of Scottish politics—including, in this connection, the ferocious Scottish Labour Party. I doubt myself whether there is much reality in this new Nationalist campaign. Scottish independence is one of those cries that sound very well on platforms so long as there is no fear of anything serious being done.

* * *

The Communist Party Conference seems to have been a doleful affair. There were nothing but wails over declining membership and unread "literature." The Communists are certainly to be commended for a candour not too common among political parties, when it comes to stock-taking. Usually the worse things are in reality, the louder is the self-congratulation, and every day and in every way the party is better than ever. The real spiritual home of the late M. Coué was in party politics. The Communists do not mind giving themselves away—a sordid boon, as Wordsworth might say. The party seems to have 3,700 members, and altogether the British Socialist Soviet Republic seems to be slightly distant. Having failed to eat away the Labour Party by corrosion from within, the Communists seem equally to fail in the new policy of smashing "Bourgeois" Labour by shock tactics from without. Moscow said turn, and all the 3,700 British Bolsheviks obediently but despairingly turned. Now they are entitled to tell Moscow (if they dared) "We told you so." The grand General Election campaign, with Communist candidates in scores of constituencies, is fading away in sorrow and recrimination. It was all very well for Moscow to order our Bolsheviks out into the open, but it was the latter

and not the theorists of the Communist International who had to do the fighting—without, as it happens, any stomach for the job or much ammunition.

* * *

Many people, I think, have been astonished by the naive account which Lord Haldane left in his memoirs of the action taken by the leading Liberal Leaguers at the time of the formation of C.-B.'s Government. The story has been told before, but Lord Haldane has added some new and rather startling details. What is most remarkable is that the scheme by which Asquith, Haldane, and Grey were to take the chief offices in the Liberal Administration had been actually communicated to King Edward and approved by him in October, 1905. If there is any precedent for such a procedure one would like to know where it is to be found.

* * *

It has amused everyone to find Mr. Churchill describing himself in a parenthesis of his Manchester speech as a Free Trader. Perhaps he was carried away for a moment by the sentiment of old associations. It was in Manchester in the old days that Mr. Churchill made what was probably the finest series of speeches in defence of Free Trade that have been made in modern times. A more unfriendly critic might say it was simply his audacity. No one present at the dinner was sufficiently impolite to remind him that he is a leading member of a Government that has ingeniously undermined the whole edifice of Free Trade, and has resolved if it comes back to power to introduce Protection under a camouflaged name. One can imagine what mincemeat the old Manchester Churchill would have made of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's airy plea that there is no particular principle involved in the matter, and that it is best kept out of ordinary Parliamentary politics. He now talks contemptuously about the hustings, and the sacred right of business men to settle commercial policy in accordance with expediency, but the Churchill of the famous by-elections before the war would have delighted in shattering such specious pleading with a mixture of rhetoric and hard argumentation. It is clear enough that the whole hog Protectionists in the Cabinet have nothing to fear from any lingering political conscience in the resilient and adaptable statesman who now finds himself rather uneasily accepted by his old Protectionist enemies.

* * *

I see that even that remorseless critic of England and Englishmen "Pertinax" has "fallen to" Mr. Baldwin, to use an Americanism. "Pertinax" has concentrated the ray from his monocle upon our Mr. Baldwin in the *ECHO DE PARIS* and discovered that he is an "exceptional" and on the whole rather a pleasing phenomenon. It is certainly an achievement worthy to be reckoned even in Mr. Baldwin's list to have soothed the savage "Pertinax" to this extent. This is one more political miracle that has been worked by Mr. Baldwin's famous charm. Everyone likes him—even "Pertinax"—and this popularity, this almost institutional popularity, survives trials which would have destroyed a charmless Prime Minister long ago. Why, as the French critic remarks, Mr. Baldwin even derived fresh popularity from the settlement of the American debt, when he astounded his opponents, gathered for a game of financial poker, by giving up the game at the start. Everything is forgiven Mr. Baldwin as a matter of course: "such a nice man." His reputation for honesty is an asset beyond price for his bewildered and bewildering party. Only the other day Mr. Davidson, the head of the Tory machine, expressed with innocent enthusiasm the belief of the party that whatever the Tories do or do not do they will be safe at the General Election behind the broad back and the guilefully guileless smile of their great leader. Well may Mr. Baldwin

feel satisfaction over the wonderful success of his legend. The careful art that went to its building up has not been thrown away.

* * *

It will be excellent if the Prince of Wales should decide to go round the stricken mining areas to look into things for himself. If he is able to get close to the realities, always very difficult for royal personages, surrounded at every step as they are by a screen of official persons, it will be an experience useful to himself, and to the mining population. He would doubtless make use of his firsthand knowledge on his return to send out another appeal for the contributions of the possessing classes, which (with the taxpayers' money) is all that stands between many thousands of blameless people and want. It is a scandal—largely Mr. Baldwin's scandal—that it should be so, but that is another story. I heard the Prince's Christmas Day appeal, and thought it very well done. It showed genuine sympathy, and knowledge of the necessities of the case. In this bitter business we must deal with things and people as they are. It is easy and perfectly true to say that the miners deserve work and not charity, but no one will set them to work. Happily, people will give money, and all the more readily when it is asked for by the Prince of Wales. The response to his ten minutes' broadcast talk was extraordinary; the money immediately began to pour in. I hope, therefore, that he will decide to keep it up in the best possible way—by personal inquiry, undertaken as the preliminary to further salutary assaults on the pockets of the classes that can afford to put sympathy into cash values.

* * *

The Oxford Preservation Trust was founded some two years ago as an effort to save one of the treasures of the world from spoliation. I am glad to note from the interesting second annual report that so much has been done. Mr. Fisher and Sir Michael Sadler are able to report quite a long list of instances where the picture of Oxford has been saved from damage and unwise restoration. The Trust finds its most useful service by working in friendly co-operation with the City authorities, and in five cases last year succeeded, by offering suggestions and architectural advice, in securing the suitable and harmonious treatment of sites and buildings in prominent positions in Oxford. This is an excellent record. It is often the case that municipalities and private owners would willingly avail themselves of expert æsthetic advice if it were there to be offered. The Trust has in this way brought it about (for example) that some new buildings and shops in Broad Street, opposite the eighteenth-century part of Balliol College, are not out of harmony with their surroundings. The Trust has the good sense to realize that it is useless merely to deplore the expansion of Oxford, or to oppose a blind opposition to every novelty. People must have homes and businesses must have factories; what is useful is, not to grudge new building, but to guide it.

* * *

I was pleased to read Lady Rhondda's lecture to men on their ridiculous and obsolete manner of clothing themselves. It may be a little extreme to expect the business man to come up to town in a heat wave in a silk shirt Byronically open at the neck, and silk shorts, but there is no doubt that the tubular system of clothing to which men have clung with pathetic stupidity for nearly a century is both inconvenient and hideous. I can just remember the gallant attempt that was made by Walter Crane and other artistic followers of Morris in the days of sentimental Socialism to convince us of the unquestionable superiority both for looks and comfort of knickerbockers over the ridiculous trousers. The conservatism of mankind has been proof against every intelligent attempt to introduce colour

and form into their garments. I see that the modern Socialists, at their party the other night, devised a fashion parade for the intelligentsia of the future, but the results seem to have been more grotesque than useful. My own view is that the most sensible era in men's clothing was the Georgian, when men were able to wear clothes that were comfortable and picturesque. In the days of Dr. Johnson men were not so foolish as deliberately to starve the natural instinct for bright and varied colours, or to disguise the human leg in dingy and bulging tubes. Modern man arrays himself as for a perpetual funeral, and in this as in other matters women show a better sense of the possibilities of cheerful living.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SIR MICHAEL SADLER ON EXAMINATIONS

SIR,—In his interesting article on "Examinations," Sir Michael Sadler says, "Schools and Universities try to turn out what their publics want."

Had he gone on to say that he did not think they met with much success, I should have agreed with him.

Sir Michael suggests that there should be a scientific inquiry into the matter of "Examinations," and that at present they are prone to the defect of "putting a premium upon knowledge rather than skill," also, that "Schools and Universities are exerting too strong an influence on what boys and girls at school should be encouraged to learn."

The inquiry should be a "Scrutiny of Examination questions . . . accompanied by consultations of teachers and examiners," and, I should add, of *business men*.

Examiners seem to me to imagine all our youths and maidens are doomed to be examiners and teachers like themselves. There are other vocations in life, and the sooner it is realized, the better for our sons and daughters, for then they may spend more of their time preparing themselves usefully for their future, instead of being forced to study "The Lady of the Lake" and "Lord Clive," as my boy has been recently at one of our foremost Public Schools.—Yours, &c.,

NORMAN KEEN.

Gate House, Sylvan Avenue, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

January 18th, 1929.

SIR,—In the striking article on "Examinations," in this week's issue of *THE NATION*, which cannot fail to arouse widespread interest, Sir Michael Sadler makes this important pronouncement:—

"The parts of English education which have been most free during the last twenty years from the pressure, even the distant pressure, of examination are the parts in which there is the greatest zest among teachers and pupils, and in which the greatest improvements have taken place, both in teaching and in courses of study."

Is it too much to ask Sir Michael to amplify this significant declaration, knowing, as he does, that at recent Educational Conferences "what they most wanted to discuss was the question of examinations"?—Yours, &c.,

DANIEL EVANS.

Sheffield.

TOLERATION AND TRUTH

SIR,—Does not this problem really resolve itself into two factors? (1) Truth as such, regarded objectively, and (2) human minds, with their varying faculties.

A doctrine may be, in itself, perfectly true; but it would not therefore follow that that truth would be evident to all minds. The perception of truth is conditional on the degree to which minds can be made to perceive its verity. In other words, on the evidence.

That being so, it would follow that toleration, far from being a sign of lack of love of truth, is a sign of faith in truth's own power. When we are intolerant, we supplement the appeal of evidence by the appeal of terror: *i.e.*, we show we are not confident of the power of truth itself to convince.

If, however, we had that confidence, we should not fear to let truth find its proper place by the merits of its evidence.

It seems to me that intolerance is essentially a sign of lack of faith in truth as truth. For example, when the late Pope Leo XIII., in his encyclical on Liberty, said that "justice and reason forbid" that the State should "treat the various religions alike," he added that to do so "tends to godlessness"; but, in so arguing, did he not assert a fallacy? If favour is shown to one creed, and others are repressed, the love of truth is thereby supplemented by motives of self-interest, and people are less likely to seek truth for its own sake. In short, love of truth would imply a tolerant spirit, and intolerance shows lack of faith in truth as such.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. POYNTER.

Highbury, N.5.

GOETHE'S "NONSENSE"

SIR,—In common with, I feel sure, many other readers, I am puzzled by Mr. T. S. Eliot's remarks on Goethe in your last issue.

Is he joking, is he in earnest, or is he—which hardly seems possible—really suffering from the kind of mental defect which he modestly seems to admit?

He quotes a passage from Goethe, containing some very obvious truths powerfully expressed, and then says it seems to him simply nonsense. For example, Nature, "creates fresh forms for ever, what is now has never been before . . . each of her works has a being of its own." It might be possible, if one wished to be critical, to say that Goethe was here putting into words something so obvious as hardly to need special expression; but it is quite incomprehensible to me how this can be described as "nonsense."

Mr. Eliot seems, by his manner, to suggest that we have in some way got beyond Goethe, and that nowadays what he believed has become impossible. But how can anyone fail to believe what is obviously true? Or does Mr. Eliot think that Nature does not create fresh forms? Does he think the flowers we see each spring have always been before and are not, in themselves, unique?—as, of course, they are.—Yours in mystification,

WEIMAR.

January 14th, 1929.

THE DRUDGERY OF LONGHAND:
ABBREVIATIONS NEEDED

SIR,—Your contributor, An Old Journalist, when he urges the adoption of a less cumbersome longhand, pleads the cause of myriads of yung peopl, and a vast number of persons who are "tied to the desk's ded wood," daily, in laboriously riting, *needlessly*, hundreds of letters which might be omitted, without ambiguity to themselves or to their correspondents or readers.

Yung peopl ought to be taut to hold and use their pen or pencil, that they may rite easily and freely. In the vast majority of cases they grip the pen so tightly and rest upon their wrists so heavily, insted of on the tips of their fingers, that neither pens can flo swiftly, nor can they escape entirely from the malady of riter's cramp. Those impediments ar partially aided by being required to form hevvy downward strokes and to rite in a rigid stile.

Old Journalist's suggestion is not new, for we no that the Jews and others did not employ vowels. Anyone who cares to rite after this fashion and sends his missiv to a frend, wil be understood with litt meditation. An old Scotch fonografer was given to this form ov riting to me, and I red his letters, and he mine, without trubl, altho the exchanges wer not frequent. The more we rote the easier the task, if it cud be so designated, became.

Ther ar about 360 words which occur frequently, from 8,131 to 40 times, in an area or population of 100,000 words. These cud be abbreviated; so cud many prefixes and affixes, such as circum-, imper-, extra-, under-, recon-, -ment, -ness, -sive, -ble, -less, &c.

The caracer or form of letters might be shorn of their frills, while, such as *ch*, *th*, *ng*, *sh* ordinarily or fonetically, are open to be ritten economically, by common agreement.

When China and Turkey ar seeking releef from alfabetic drudgery, and with feelings in this direction by Persia, and

Japan, it shud be within the range of English alfabetic skil to devize a form of Script, and a series of Abbreviations, which will be a godsend to all who wield the pen. For teaching children to read in scools, we need a simplified orthografy, to save time, labor, and money, and produce better results.

Whatever modifications ar adopted in the relm of Long-hand, they cannot approach the expedition of Shorthand. Those who do not need to use Fonografy for reporting, wud find the "Corresponding Stage" of Fonografy most useful, which cud be acquired without any School Drilling, by self-tuition, in a reasonable time.

Pitman's Fonografy is used in several phases of life above all other sistems. It has outstript the older ones; and doesn't fear the new.—Yours, &c., H. DRUMMOND.

Rydal Mount, Hetton-le-Hole, Co. Durham.

January 13th, 1929.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S RELIGION

THE failure of the influence of our Churches has become a matter of common observation. It is attested by declining volume and regularity of Church attendance, by the growing secularization of Sunday, difficulties in maintaining the supply of clergy, and by a general loss of confidence in ecclesiastical light and leading. Does this signify a decline of religion in the hearts of our people, or a change of its venue? It has taken nearly two thousand years to prove the impossibility of grafting on to the British stock and character the definitely oriental ideals of loving enemies, despising riches, taking no thought for the morrow, and paying more attention to another world than to this. The modern State, here as in other countries where the older religions are in dissolution, puts up a claim to the reversion of the sentiment of worship, and seeks to support its claim by a due provision of creed and ritual. Nationalism and imperialism, admittedly, carry some of the import of religions. "King and Country" become sacred symbols, flag-worship is developed, with a ceremonial of marches, hymns, and salutations, political saints figure in the calendar with all the pomp and mystery of holy days. But only in Russia and Italy does it seem likely that the State may come to oust the Church, or seriously displace its hold. In England, at any rate, except for moments of emergency, piety does not readily pass over into patriotism, or politics become a religion. In no form or figure can the nation or its Government become an object of effective and continuous adoration. A State-god is not for us a practical proposition.

But there is a channel into which a larger and larger part of the interest and enthusiasm of all sorts and conditions of men is continually flowing. So far as conscious interests admit comparison by weight or measure, it would be safe to assert that, for all classes of our male population, the single interest of sport will easily exceed the combined interests of religion, politics, literature, science, art, and other appeals to the higher life. Skilled observers from other European countries have noted how our politics tend to run into grooves of sport. Our persistent reversion to a two-party system after temporary deviations is due to our feeling that the political "game" cannot be played properly with more than two teams in the field. It is, indeed, a commonplace that for the great majority of our citizens a General Election ranks as a sporting event rather than a register of the general will. The morals of our people are not conceived in terms of right and wrong, but as fair-play, running straight, and "cricket": life is a game, and progress a movement towards "the goal."

An Oriental visitor recently summarized his reflections upon the English scene by the abrupt judgment, "The real

religion of Englishmen is balls." He saw everywhere grown men propelling little white balls across a table or along a field or over a net, with cue or club or bat, or in groups directing the movements of bigger balls with sticks or hands or feet. The worshipful attendance on these balls was for him the core of English religiosity. He admitted that there were other esteemed sports, such as horse-racing and "athletics" where balls did not enter, but these he regarded as vestigial survivals of more primitive sports, destined to disappear before the globular cult. At first his thesis seemed only a quaint conceit, but as he developed it, it gathered strength.

Our organized ball games are genuine cults, with priestly performers, orderly, enthusiastic congregations joining in with voice and hands (in America with more elaborate ritual under cheer-leaders), and a vast outside gathering of the faithful, to whom the service is communicated by aerial waves or printed records. Betting is not the wild and frivolous pursuit it sometimes seems, but an act of worship. For, where your heart is, there you put your money. If you win, the god has blessed you; if you lose, it is a worthy sacrifice—if you are a true "sport."

It is sometimes remarked, with a note of disparagement, how seriously Englishmen take these ball games. My Oriental friend, however, found no wonder in this. For ball-worship, as he saw it, appealed to a deep-seated feeling for perfection in form and movement. The circle has ever been held a truer symbol of perfection than the cross or crescent or any other competing shape. In Britain, from the earliest times, it has been the visible sign of divinity, as all Druidical remains of temple or burial grounds testify. Sometimes it is ascribed to sun-worship, and not without reason, for the sun is the most glorious and potent thing in nature.

But there are other aspects of ball-worship. In Eastern countries, where worship takes a more static form, globular bodies serve as means of inducing mystic ecstasies of devout reverie. Even Western wizardry makes use of bright, small, round bodies for hypnotic ends. It can hardly be denied by performers and "congregations" at these ball-rites that the intensity of interest, long concentrated on the ball, infects it with a sort of magical personality, and that the emotional excitement attendant on its movements is akin to worship. But Western religion is not satisfied with static contemplation of a divine being, or his symbol. A practical people wants a religion where miracles happen, where powers are displayed; they are not content with gods that beautifully exist as objects of adoration. As the Romans so well conceived, the gods must justify our worship by rendering active service. What we want from these globular deities is sudden displays of dramatic movement, half-miraculous in their hazards, and yet recognized as in some measure obedient to human skill. Wonder must ever be wedded to self-applause. If we do not perform these miracles ourselves, we foretell and appreciate them. No Western religion is one of pure self-abandonment to a divinity outside ourselves whose will is absolute. The part we take in ball-worship, its scope for skill and prowess in the priests, and for imagined participation in the congregation, subtly fuses other human desires with veneration of the divine. The hero-worshipper must realize himself as a bit of a hero. Those who worship a saint must participate in the nature and activities of the object of worship. That is surely the core and essence of the sacramental feast, the theophagy to which most devotees are addicted. It is a participation in the divine being, capable of infinite grades of crudity and sublimation.

It is often remarked how many superstitions cling to sport. The "toss" for innings is emblematic of the whole

process. Luck, lucky days, mascots, and other propitiatory devices abound. Country sports are still ridden by omens and traditional taboos. It may indeed, be said that the sporting adept brings a credulous mind, as well as a devoted heart, to his pursuit. In a modern world, where mechanical routine governs most of our life by fixed, intelligible rules, sport furnishes the chief outlet alike for chance and for free-will. It is precisely here that the displacement of the religion of the Churches by ball-worship becomes so significant. For it explains why gambling, skill, and personal prowess are welded so closely into the religious service. In ordinary life these cravings are suppressed: little is left to chance, the narrow, subdivided worker has no scope for personal activities of self-assertion. His religion must furnish opportunities for his repressed instincts and suppressed desires. So we beat our gods with clubs or bats, or impel them with our hands and bodies, to fulfil our ideals, the beatific vision of a boundary hit, a long drive landing on the green, a well-kicked goal. Among primitives it was a common practice to beat your god, if supplications failed, to make him produce rain, or stay a pestilence, or make trees fruitful. We beat him in play. But play itself is complicated with all the primary instincts, particularly the combative. May not these assaults upon the ball carry a half-conscious feeling that it is our enemy we are striking?—we must strike him a shrewd blow, for self-protection and the battle-lust. Where rival teams compete, this sense of "the enemy" is doubtless less vested in the ball, though the activity of dealing a powerful blow still contains some feeling that it is our enemy's skull we are belabouring. Thus there is a streak of sadism incorporated in the worship. To those who would dismiss such a thesis as too fantastical, I would make this appeal. Part of the reason why Christianity fails in England is that its picture of the desirable after-life is so unreal and so unattractive. A more boring life for any sort of Englishman, or woman, it would be impossible to conceive. Nor have the occasional attempts of liberal churchmen to furnish alleviations, and otherwise to humanize the picture, met with much success. No huntin', no fishin', no motorin', no shootin', and, above all, no little round deities to serve as means for acquiring the sort of "virtue" he best recognizes and appraises highest—what sort of a Heaven would it be for God's Englishman?

J. A. HOBSON.

TO JAKE WHEREVER HE MAY BE

THIS morning, as I walked alone across the canal bridge, I wondered whether your ever-restless spirit was hovering near by. For there flashed upon the eye of my mind a vision erstwhile familiar—that of a gallant old Irish terrier and a pure white cat with jade-green eyes walking shoulder to shoulder in perfect amity to the wonderment of those that passed by. "Just fancy!" they would say, and "Did you ever?" For they accepted blindly the tradition of mortal enmity between cat and dog which you and I know to be a foolish myth. Were you conscious, I wonder, of the interest you aroused, or were you, as you appeared to be, sublimely indifferent?

We three shall not meet again on this side of the gulf: but I trust that you and Barney are bearing one another company, passing a pleasant time together as you wait for us, your friends. I wonder whether you liked him best of all. You never wore your heart where daws could peck at it. Sometimes you seemed to dislike us greatly: but at least you paid us one great compliment—you were way-

ward, but you had faith in our constancy. You trusted us: you never doubted that, if you chose to return to our abode, you would be welcomed and fed. The way you shouted outside the door, the confidence with which, with tail erect, you marched in when it was opened to you, your vociferous demands for the food and drink you knew would be offered as quickly as human activity permitted were proof of that. But, old friend, in all loving-kindness let it be said, we had to make allowances. Why, when you had had your fill, did you so often leave us, not merely in indecent haste, but with vituperation? For you did, you know. The language you used, if the front door was not opened on the instant, when you wished to go, was often unseemly—not to say unkind. And yet we never bore you a grudge, and how much would we give to hear again outside the door your imperious summons, upon which she would say, "There's Jake!" and I would rush to the door, and you would march in with the airs of all the emperors.

In your life and in your death you were an enigma: you seemed to like us best away from our own abode. We both humbly recognize that places rather than persons are the object of a cat's affections. We tried to make this new home pleasant; but yours was a restless soul, and you were a mighty hunter before the Lord. That was the real trouble. In the Zoo there were rats—more rats than even you could cope with—here there were none; and when, soon after our arrival here, you tried to introduce a supply, letting one loose in the house for your later recreation, we bade a terrier dispose of it. That, I suppose, was the unforgivable offence. From then on, although you were delighted—or appeared to be—to meet us on our walks, either in or near the Zoo, your visits to this house became increasingly rare.

We are glad to think that, in those last days before we left London for a holiday—the pleasant warm days of July—you and we had frequent encounters. We were privileged to stroll in the Gardens after closing time, and whenever we spent a summer evening thus you would quietly join us as if you had known we were coming. If we had a lurking suspicion that it was jealousy rather than affection which drew you—jealousy of those other cats that we visited, the ocelots especially, whom you wilfully enraged by displaying your careless liberty before their captive eyes—we were, nevertheless, pleased and flattered that you never failed to find us out.

It was about this time that we said "Good-bye" to Barney, with many tears, and you were one of the few remaining links with the old times. Did you know? Cats know so much. And then we went to the country. You were well, so far as we knew. But when I returned on a brief visit and called, as we always did, on your very faithful friend hard by the refreshment rooms for news of you, I learned that you were gone. They had missed you for a day or two at the time of the Bank-Holiday crowds, and then they found your body on the roof where so often you had basked and slept in the sun. I hope you had a peaceful passing, old friend. What was it? We shall never know till we meet you again where the barriers of speech are broken and you can tell us. At least you lived your life in your own fashion. We never gainsaid you, or put constraint upon you. You always hated crowds. Had the swelling August tide of humanity in the Gardens something to do with your passing? Or was it Barney you used to come home occasionally to see—not us at all—and did your wild spirit shake off its mortal shackles to go and seek him? I think it was so: and I trust that you, who were not one to be balked, have succeeded in your last quest.

MORYS GASCOYEN.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

AT the Arts Theatre Club, it has been possible and profitable to see a revival of Tchekhov's "The Seagull," with almost the same cast as gave the play about three years ago. Perhaps we are all more familiar with Tchekhov than I was then, but each time I see "The Seagull," it seems less satisfactory as a play. The theme, that of a large number of persons, all *ratés* yet all "with something in them," getting more and more embedded in their egoism, is monotonous, the pattern is generally shallow and arbitrary, and the final *dénouement*, paradoxical and out of tone. Further, the first three acts merely seem a succession of isolated short stories, with lines running so nearly parallel that they are hardly likely to meet this side infinity. Some of these difficulties might be met by a magnificent producer, but on this occasion no attempt whatever seemed to have been made to "produce" the actors, who appeared to go full steam ahead without any reference to each other or a general scheme. Further the décor, which might have given the play some sort of musical quality, was neither agreeable to look upon nor in any way interpretative of the general theme of the play. In the last act, which alone has been conceived theatrically, Miss Valerie Taylor improved considerably on her former study of the part and gave a distinguished and moving performance, while she was ably seconded by Miss Margaret Swallow and Mr. John Gielgud, also in their former parts. "The Seagull" seems to me far the weakest of Tchekhov's long plays and enables us to see most clearly the limitations of his genius, which is, perhaps, a very good reason for going and seeing it; while, of course, a bad play by Tchekhov is better than a good play by almost anyone else. But as one goes away one cannot help murmuring, "Great are the dangers of excessive sensibility."

"He Walked in Her Sleep," the new farce at the Vaudeville Theatre, might be excellent, only unfortunately Mr. Norman Cannon stops his work just when it was beginning. We came for a play and were put off with a scenario. Few plays can ever have been so little "written" as "He Walked in Her Sleep." The dialogue is never for one instance on a level with the situations. The plot is ingeniously complicated and elegantly dovetailed, the situations variously comic, and the actors (brilliantly led by Mr. John Deverell) all agreeable persons. If only they could have been given something amusing to say in the course of an extremely athletic evening! This half-way house in play-writing is hopeless. It would be far better frankly to hand round a scenario and tell the actors to work it up for themselves than to land them with such ill-written parts. But all the same, "He Walked in Her Sleep" is one of the more amusing farces now running.

An exhibition of portraits recently acquired has been arranged in Room XVIII. at the National Portrait Gallery. There are a few among them which are interesting from the artistic as well as the historical and literary point of view, though this, as with all the portraits in the gallery, is not the primary consideration and is the exception rather than the rule. The new acquisitions include a rather poor Gainsborough of Joseph Gibbs the musician, a very charming portrait of Margaret Woffington, perhaps by Francis Hayman, a water-colour of Jenny Lind by Alfred, Comte d'Orsay, painted in 1847, a good bust of General Wolfe by Joseph Wilton, a sketch by Sargent of Ellen Terry in the part of Lady Macbeth, and her portrait, at the age of seventeen, by Watts, a pleasant water-colour drawing of the authoress Charlotte Mary Yonge by George Richmond, and pencil drawings by Mr. Walter Sickert of Frederic Harrison and of Charles Bradlaugh. There are also portraits of George Bradshaw, originator of the well-known railway guides, of Admiral Lord St. Vincent, William IV. when Duke of Clarence (painted by Sir Martin Archer-Shee), Sir Edmund Gosse (by Sargent), a pencil drawing of Thomas Hardy, wax medallions of Lord

Palmerston and Sir Anthony Panizzi, a miniature by George Richmond of the artist Samuel Palmer, and two volumes from a grangerized set of the Diaries and Letters of Fanny Burney, compiled by the late F. Leverton Harris.

"The Four Devils," a film showing at the Tivoli, falls into that category of films which is becoming more and more numerous, in which more than ordinarily good production is wasted on a more than ordinarily foolish story. This is a story of the circus, based on that hackneyed, but apparently always popular, theme of the clown—or, in this case, an acrobat—with a smiling face and a breaking heart. The Four Devils are trapeze artists, two men and two women, who have paired off nicely until a rich and beautiful but wicked woman comes one day to the circus and falls in love with one of the gentlemen. The dissolute life into which she draws him unfits him for his exacting career, with the result that on the last night of the show there is an accident involving, not the young man himself, but his partner, who is in love with him. By a miracle she is not killed, and all ends happily, to the discomfort of the rich vamp. Mr. F. W. Murnau, the producer, takes excellent advantage of the photographic opportunities of the circus: some of the pictures are very beautiful, the story, such as it is, is well told without its sentimentality being unduly stressed, and the climax is remarkably well managed. The acting also is good, especially on the part of Miss Janet Gaynor and Mr. Charles Morton as the two principal acrobats, and Miss Mary Duncan is a new vamp who is worth seeing.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, January 26th.—

Juliette Alvin, 'Cello Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Arthur Rubinstein, Piano Recital, Grotian Hall, 8.15.
Lily Henkel and Orrea Pernel, Pianoforte and Violin Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 8.

Sunday, January 27th.—

Dr. Bernard Hollander, on "The Psychology of Matrimony," South Place, 11.
The Society of Dramatic Art, in Ibsen's "Rosmer of Rosmersholm," at Maskelyne's Theatre.

Monday, January 28th.—

"The Lady in Command," by Mr. Rupert Downing, at the Gaiety.
"Getting George Married," by Miss Florence Kilpatrick, at the "Q."
"The Only Way," at the King's Theatre, Hammer-smith.

Tuesday, January 29th.—

"Living Together," by Mr. Alfred Sutro, at Wyndham's.
"The Mock Emperor," an English version of Pirandello's "Enrico Quarto," at the Queen's.
"Twelve Thousand," by Bruno Frank, translated by Mr. William Drake, at the Gate Theatre Studio.
Gerald Cooper, Chamber Concert, Æolian Hall, 8.30.
Hegedus, Violin Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Wednesday, January 30th.—

"Beau Geste," an adaptation of Major P. C. Wren's novel, at His Majesty's.
Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Lecture, Æolian Hall, 3.
Hewitt String Quartet, Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, January 31st.—

Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.
Mr. Basil Dean, on "The Stage and the Cinema," The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.
"Craig's Wife," at the Fortune.

Friday, February 1st.—

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.
"The Confederacy," by Sir John Vanbrugh, at the Rudolf Steiner Hall (February 1st and 2nd).

Sunday, February 3rd.—

An Illustrated Lecture, by Mr. Roger Fry, on "Representation in Art," at Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, 5 (Tickets, 8s. 6d. and 5s. 9d., from Mrs. Porter, THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE, 16a, St. James's Street, S.W.1).

OMICRON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

1778-1878

I HAVE recently been reading three books containing letters and diaries which almost exactly cover the years 1778 to 1878. The earliest is the "Barnard Letters," edited by Anthony Powell (Duckworth, 21s.). They are a miscellaneous collection of letters belonging to the Barnard family, and the first is dated 1778, and the last 1824. The Barnard family was an Irish family of some, but not very great, distinction. General Sir Andrew Barnard won most distinction, partly by his services in the Peninsular War, and partly through George IV.'s friendship with Lady Anne Barnard. The Lady Anne was a Lindsay, the daughter of the Earl of Balcarres; she is known to many people as the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," and to some as the writer of letters from the Cape which were published not long ago. There are a certain number of her letters in this volume, and they are written with more liveliness and "literary" power than any of the others. The whole volume is a good example of the type of book now so often published. Hardly any of the letters are in themselves of much interest. The people who wrote them were dull and not very intelligent: a competent colonel, some placid sisters, some young sparks, a minor bishop. Had one seen their handwriting contemporaneously on a stamped envelope, or rather a franked envelope, as they would have said, one would have opened it without enthusiasm. Yet they have acquired a posthumous interest. Sir Andrew, who fought during the Napoleonic Wars in the West Indies, the Low Countries, in the Peninsular War, and at Waterloo, who was an important officer in the Army of Occupation after Waterloo and must have been brought into frequent contact with Wellington, never writes a letter which historically is worth reading. Indeed, the historian will find nothing in this volume except the letters of the Bishop of Limerick about the Irish Rebellion of '98 and a rather florid description by Lady Anne of the fatal *accouchement* of the Princess Charlotte in 1817. Nevertheless, one does get from these letters a curiously acrid sense of each year as it passes over the heads of the writers 100, 125, 150 years ago. The flavour is in the turn of their sentences, the use of an adverb, the enormous importance of their own little personal affairs, their complete indifference to the fact that they were watching the destruction of European civilization and the beginning of a new age.

Next in order of time comes "The Farington Diary," by Joseph Farington, R.A., edited by James Greig, Vol. VIII. (Hutchinson, 21s.). It covers the years 1815 to 1821, and is the last volume, for the final entry is on the morning of December 31st, 1821, and on the evening of that day old Farington, aged seventy-four, went—for the second time that day—to church at Didsbury, near Manchester, and "in descending from the Gallery where his Brother's Pew was"—I quote his nephew—"his hands encumbered with Hat, Umbrella, and prayer book—His feet equally so with Golloshes, he was unable to recover from a slip of his feet and went down the flight of stairs with great rapidity and force—such as to project him beyond the Stairs. So that his head came with heavy fall on the pavement of the Church floor—The vital spark was gone." Farington's end, encumbered by Hat, Umbrella, prayer book, and Goloshes, seems to me to have been all in one piece with his life. His diary is a disappointing book. We must take it on the authority of his nephew that before the

fall projected him beyond the stairs on to the church floor, he had a vital spark, but unfortunately the vitality was extremely low. He was one of those people who never seem to be in personal contact with anything. He is always telling us something about interesting events or interesting people, but it is always told as having been told by someone else to him, and, filtered through Farington, it becomes as desiccated and flavourless as one of those dried plums they sell in grocers' shops, used, I believe, for making a horrible variety of inferior "stewed fruit." The best things in the Farington Diary are really the perfectly vague entries like this: "Mr. John Dashwood of Cley in Norfolk, is seventy-five years old. In consequence of putting His feet in cold water the last summer, He had a Paralytic Stroke which has reduced Him to a state of great imbecility."

* * *

There is a gap between Farington's end and the beginning of my third book: "The Paris Embassy During the Second Empire," edited by Colonel the Hon. F. A. Wellesley (Butterworth, 25s.). The book consists of a selection from the correspondence of Lord Cowley who was ambassador at Paris from 1852 to 1867. It is not very intelligently edited, but contains a good deal which is of minor interest to historians. One sees here the difficulty which the aristocratic Whig ambassador experienced in accommodating himself to the vulgarities of Napoleon III.'s Court. The sidelights thrown by the correspondence on the character of Queen Victoria are curious. For instance, immediately after the Prince Consort's death, Lord Clarendon writes: "There is only one black spot in the horizon, but that may swell into infinite trouble—it is her relations with the Prince of Wales which are deplorable. Monomania is the only word which fits her feelings, which, I fear, are those of incurable aversion."

* * *

Following the course of these hundred years of history through the casual channel of letters and diaries, one notices the great change which took place in the feelings and attitude of ordinary human beings. This change is reflected in their language. The first letters in the Barnard volume are from an old lady, Anne Barnard, to her grandson of seven, Andrew. She must have carried back very nearly to the seventeenth century, and already in 1780 she belonged to an era that had passed. But her knowledge, individuality, her open-mindedness, and the natural ability to write well stand out conspicuously. No one who had not felt the breath of the seventeenth century could have written a sentence like this:—

"My dear Grandson, It gives me great pleasure & perhaps a little vanity that you are content & satisfied with keeping an intercourse of Letters with me, and that one at your early youth should seek information wherever 'tis found: I confess myself to be rather taken with those Heroes, who wander'd in sheep skins and goats skins, and shelter'd themselves in Dens and Caves being destitute, afflicted, Tormented, for the confession of a true Faith, than that celebrated Roman who leaped into the Gulph, Horse & all only to shew his courage! and to think Job a man of more courage than Cato—nay, to wish you may think the same, tho' twill take time and consideration to determine."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE RESURGENT AUGUSTANS

A Survey of English Literature, 1730-1780. By PROFESSOR OLIVER ELTON. Two vols. (Arnold. 32s.)

To Professor Oliver Elton, as to Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, the Augustan Age is the age of Pope. His "Survey" begins fourteen years before the dust of Alexander was consigned to the little red church among the Twickenham lilacs, and ends one year before "The Task" was written, three before the publication of "The Village." To none of the writers of the middle period does he concede the title of "Augustan." Increasing custom and illustrious precedent seem to authorize the wider application; but, whether we stretch the Augustan frontiers so as to admit Cowper or contract them so as to exclude Gray, it is clear that literary taste has now swung far towards the century of the first three Georges. "Of late years the literature of our eighteenth century has come back into its own: and I think that the real reason is that it expresses, better perhaps than that of any other time, the permanent average temper of our race." In these words Professor Elton lays bare the root of the matter.

If this "Survey" had stood alone, it seems possible that it might have started from the death of Pope and finished with that of Blake, thus bringing within its purview all the most characteristic writers of the middle and later "classical" period. This plan would have involved, it is true, the omission of Young's too-long-neglected satires, and might have precluded the welcome backward glance at Rowe; but it was manifestly impossible to shy away from the Romantic Revival in a book which embraced Gray, Chatterton, and Horace Walpole. When, however, we realize that the two companion volumes span the years 1780-1830, 1830-1880, we understand the principle of selection, and if we are wise we shall be well content.

A survey covering so much and such densely populated ground might have been breathless, cursory, and inconclusive. Professor Elton's is none of these things. Thanks to his keen and delighted sense of character, hardly one of the vast throng of lesser writers whom he evokes can slip back into the shadows without leaving a perdurable image on the eye of the mind. There is no sense of pressure or of haste. One by one they emerge, poets and novelists, diarists and pamphleteers, Methodist divines and Grub Street hacks, ladies of quality (among whom it would have been pleasant to catch a glimpse of "Oberon's Laureate," Countess Temple), philosophers and "sons of the waves," and within comparatively narrow limits each is somehow given elbow-room. Yet all this mass of detail does not obscure the architectural unity of the general plan. This unity is further emphasized by the concentration of all the notes and references at the end of each volume.

The diarists and the letter-writers form a particularly attractive group. Here is new evidence, if any were needed, that Lord Chesterfield, like Mary, Queen of Scots, "is looking up." It has taken the poor man the best part of two centuries to recover from the staggering impact of Johnson's epistle. Here, too, justice is done both to the elder and the younger Herveys, Earls of Bristol, though some students of the period may think that Carr, Lord Hervey, the elder brother of Sporus and the reputed lover of Lady Walpole, is dismissed a little too summarily with the remark that he "had proved unsatisfactory and died young." Unsatisfactory from a moral view he certainly was—it seems to have been a regrettable family trait—but there is contemporary evidence that in point of intellect and wit he was at least equal to the "bug with gilded wings," whom even Pope does not accuse of being a fool. Of the Big Wow-Wows, as Scott might have called them, many familiar truths are restated in an exhilaratingly unfamiliar way, and there are many interesting revaluations. How admirable, for example, is the disintegration of Dr. Johnson, body and soul, in the fiery solvent of the Seven Deadly Sins; how sound, if startling, is the proposition that "Pamela, to speak metaphysically, was the Pure Idea of a minx"!

The great we have always with us. Some of them we know so well that we are almost disconcerted when we

encounter someone who obviously knows them better. It is, I think, in the long succession of the half-known and the hardly known stretching through the first volume of the "Survey" that the average reader will find most refreshment. There he will have the sense that he is walking not *past* but *into* the terraced houses of a century. Mansions and temples tower ahead of him, in the second volume. There he will meet Burke and Gibbon, Berkeley and Hume. But since it is in the nature of man (*O, miseris hominum, O pectora cæca!*) to take delight in trifles, it is more than possible that he may turn back from them to seek again the easier society of Parson Woodforde and John Macdonald, William Hickey and Janet Schaw.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

THE GREAT CENTURY

The Magnificent Montmorency. By CYRIL HARTMANN. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

Memoirs of Le Grande Mademoiselle. Translated by GRACE SEELY. (Nash & Grayson. 21s.)

Memoirs of the Count de Grammont. By COUNT ANTHONY HAMILTON. (Lane. 25s.)

Louis XIV. By LOUIS BERTRAND. Translated by CLEVELAND CHASE. (Longmans. 18s.)

Memoirs of Louis XIV. (Taillandier. 30 frs.)

THIS assortment of books, of very varying merits, when read through on end, will enable the reader to perceive how the early Bourbons took half the colour out of France, destroyed much of the provincial richness, and paved the way for the Revolution. At the beginning of the list is the liberal-minded Mr. Hartmann deploring this development, at the end is the royalist M. Bertrand rejoicing in its consummation. Mr. Hartmann has acquired much genuine information on the age of Louis XIII., and Montmorency is a good subject. But his book is not so successful as was his very lively sketch of the Duchesse de Mazarin. The texture of his writing is so flat that he is positively difficult to read. This is additionally unfortunate as there is no other life of Montmorency; one was badly needed, and Mr. Hartmann was the man to do it. He is also actuated by a violent bias. Certainly Montmorency was a more romantic figure than Louis XIII., a more generous one than Richelieu, but equally certainly there was no room for the likes of him in the new France, which was coming into existence on the ruins of the Wars of Religion. He certainly had served the King well, when it suited him; with equal certainty he tried to stir up a revolution, when loyalty suited him no longer; while the fact that the ineffable Gaston d'Orléans deserved death a hundred times more than he did is neither here nor there. Further, Mr. Hartmann's suggestion that Richelieu hounded Montmorency to death out of love-jealousy is singularly unconvincing. All one can say is that if Richelieu had been less neurotic, he might have been more patient. Still it is probably sensible to apply to his execution the words of Benjamin Constant about Vendémiaire *C'est regrettable, mais c'est peut être nécessaire*, necessary, that is, if the modern France was to come into being, and Richelieu can hardly be blamed for not stopping to argue about that.

Montmorency left an adoring widow, who wore the willow late on into the sixties, and whom the Grande Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston d'Orléans and cousin of Louis XIV., visited in some perturbation in her convent. The Grande Mademoiselle is the half-way house in the story. Her life is the tale of an independent rebel, gradually enmeshed in the routine of Versailles, kicking vainly against the bars of her spiritual prison, and dying a broken and unhappy woman. She left long, rather amateurish, and extremely characteristic memoirs, about one-fifth of which have been translated by Miss Seely, a fact it would have been better to announce frankly on the title page rather than merely to state in the middle of the biographical introduction that they have been "considerably abridged." They no doubt are long memoirs, to be skipped rather than read through. But the colour pales terribly in the abridgment. We are allowed to know the main incidents in her life: her adventurous youth, her entry into Orleans under the nose of the royal troops, the great moment when she opened the gates of

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Paris, to assure the safety of Condé, and turned the guns of the Bastille on to the King; the middle period when she was almost married to every crowned head in Europe, and the final catastrophe when she lost her heart irrevocably to Lauzun, who passed ten years in prison as a punishment, only to emerge as the result of her efforts, to persecute her intolerably. But in this abridgment we miss the background of her life, which gives it most significance; her incessant troubles over the management of her vast property; her love of riding, of scenery, of the fresh air, her contempt for women who complained of the vapours, which they made worse by refusing to take any exercise, that sympathetic romanticism and love of wild nature, for which she was born either too early or too late. The Grande Mademoiselle was a good deal of an absurdity, but with all her frank vanity she was one of the most adorable women in history. It would doubtless have been impossible to translate all her memoirs. But, that being so, a new biography would have been better than this abridgment, or else a translation of Arvède Barine's brilliant "Life," or of the more modern sketch by the Duc de la Force. This volume falls between two stools. Still the reader will probably find it easier, after reading it, to see why Grammont preferred Whitehall to Versailles. The "Memoirs of Grammont" has, I think, an exaggerated reputation in England. This particular edition is, however, far from devoid of interest. On the title page appears the simple statement, "translated by Horace Walpole." Walpole never translated Grammont, though he published a hundred copies in French for Madame du Deffand. We have here the ordinary, very bad eighteenth-century translation by Boyer, which was republished early in the nineteenth century with corrections by Bertrand de Môleville, an *émigré* Minister of Louis XVI., and embellished with a biographical sketch of Hamilton and admirable notes by Sir Walter Scott. This volume, in turn, was republished as one of the "additional volumes" of the Bohn Library, and can, though out of print, be easily picked up for a few shillings. John Lane republishes "Bohn" at 25s., with some very pretentious illustrations, without Scott's admirable notes, but with the name of Horace Walpole on the title page. On the first page the date 1805 appears, when Horace Walpole had lain for a decade with his putative fathers. There can be no justification whatever for this preposterous "édition de luxe."

M. Louis Bertrand looks upon the Sun King and finds him completely good. Those English people whose knowledge of Louis XIV. is based on recollections of Macaulay, will read it with profit. A lot of loose thinking and silly prejudice will be knocked on the head, and the great merits of the monarch will be fairly revealed. Afterwards they may reflect that M. Bertrand has got many of his effects by shirking the difficulties. Was it necessary to revoke the Edict of Nantes? Could Louis have avoided the War of the Spanish Succession? These are difficult questions perhaps, and Louis may always have had a good case, but they cannot merely be dismissed by an airy wave of the hand. Then we must really grow a little impatient when informed that he was a perfect son, on the whole a very good husband, and extremely economical, while the system of workmen's compensation which he instituted turned the building of Versailles into a sort of Bolshevik paradise. M. Bertrand tips the scale too violently on the other side. He uses his authorities very intelligently, however, and one good result of his book is an excellent reprint of Louis XIV.'s own memoirs which, fairly early in the reign, he dictated for the future edification of the Dauphin. There Louis appears in his most favourable light, as a high-minded, untiring, and shrewd public servant, who took his duties with unflinching seriousness. Naturally, he will never admit himself wrong, but perhaps at the moment he wrote them he had not made many serious mistakes. Cynics may be amused at the way in which he first describes how he financed the relics of the Cromwell faction to stir up trouble against Charles II., and then waxes finely indignant with the ruffians who had organized an insurrection against the Lord's Anointed in Portugal. But one cannot expect introspection from extroverts. His memoirs remain extremely interesting and often extremely wise.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

INTELLECTUAL REACTION

For Lancelot Andrewes: *Essays on Style and Order*. By T. S. Eliot. (Faber & Gwyer, 6s.)

A LEAD from Mr. Eliot is always welcome, so sure is it to be in the direction of a strenuous sobriety of thought, along roads of careful judgment and reflection. Some readers of the *CRITERION* may have feared an eclipse by neo-Thomist issues of other valuable matter, yet not have suspected from this an imminent confession of faith. However, faith is in our intellectual air; Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in opposing classic stability, intelligence, and a partly defined conservatism to the heresies of mass-rule and Time (amongst others), has bivouacked suspiciously near Rome. And now Mr. Eliot offers us Classicism, Royalism, Anglo-Catholicism, a theory and two creeds. The fine old crusted flavour, the aroma of Oxford Senior Common Rooms, allures; but the success of his tactical scheme in future operations against a foe identifiable with Mr. Lewis's may be questioned. The divine right of kings, even though, with Mr. Eliot, we call it "that noble faith," is hard for us to swallow unless in despair we return to belief from Reinach and the labours of observation and deduction. Classicism may vanish, together with romanticism, before a new classification; Andrewes' and other Elizabethan Anglicanism is not quite the Anglo-Catholicism of Sheila Kaye-Smith and the Cowley fathers. Whitgift, Elizabeth's "little black husband," would surely have abhorred post-tractarians, and even Andrewes might have stood more centrally between "the Scylla and Charybdis of ancient piety." It is to the former sort that we should look for style and order.

Those who can stomach belief may find adumbrated in this book and presumably completed in the promised *sequela* on royalism, heresy, and Donne, an attractive retreat for harassed intellectuals, from the behaviouristic, changeful, and emotive world, twisting itself through time-space; and the attraction is enhanced by the restraint and precision that consistently graces the author's prose. But here some of his admirers may secede, preferring other heavens built in hell's despite: if they cannot emulate Professor Babbitt who, we are told, "knows too many religions . . . to be able to give himself any," they may have studied and practised religion enough to claim that their scepticism is not altogether frivolous. An asylum, then, is offered; but it is not to be won without dust and heat; and, if we consider the enemy's strength, we may be diffident of victory. Mr. Eliot, gallantly assaulting, makes of Bramhall a cudgel to hit Hobbes with; but Hobbes comes up grinning, like the wicked materialistic bogy that he is, and causer with his mechanic universe of all our woes. Call him atheist, and he counters with "God . . . a spirit corporeal" and "our blessed Saviour." Is his tongue in his cheek? Mr. Eliot bides his time, and eventually delivers this unkindest cut: "his theory . . . is of a kind that will always be popular because it appears to be intellectual and is really emotional, and therefore very soothing to lazy minds." Hobbes may not wince; but we must thank Mr. Eliot for writing what is so applicable to, so unrecognized by, numerous writers and readers of our age.

Of the essays collected, that on Middleton is the least tendentious. Andrewes and Crashaw typify aspects of Catholic inspiration. Machiavelli and Baudelaire are re-valued under the new dispensation; the former is seen ignoring "the myth of human goodness" which for some replaces divine grace; the latter, freed from Mr. Symonds' Satanist mistranslation, here happily exposed, achieves the palm of Christianity, the parsley of classicism.

Bradley's ethics conduct us away from Mill to religion, *via* the Universal, that dubious entity. Without religion his system weakens; but it does not follow unless, like Mr. Eliot, we reject all theories resembling Mr. Richards's, that "a system of ethics is explicitly or implicitly a system of theology." One might beg to differ, or accuse Messrs. Eliot and Bradley of begging the question—since the latter urges us to realize "the will which is above us and higher than ours." If Bradley brought "British philosophy closer to the great Greek tradition," he also brought it nearer to Christianity; and an Anglo-Catholic might adopt it, not "intellectually," but "emotionally." Has Mr. Eliot done so? He



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declares it to be common sense and a balanced philosophy: but remove those elegant Gothic buttresses of faith, and sense and balance go too.

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SHERARD VINES.

SOME BOOKS ON MUSIC

Beethoven's Quartets. By JOSEPH DE MARLIAVE. With an Introduction and Notes by JEAN ESCARRA, and a Preface by GABRIEL FAURÉ. Translated by HILDA ANDREWS. (Oxford Press, and Milford. 18s.)

Igor Stravinsky's "Les Noces." By VICTOR BELAIEV. **Musorgsky's "Boris Godunov."** By VICTOR BELAIEV. (Oxford Press, and Milford. 4s. each.)

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Voice and Verse, A Study in English Song. By H. C. COLLES. (Oxford Press, and Milford. 7s. 6d.)

The Enjoyment of Music. By BASIL DE SELINCOURT. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

A Musician at Large. By HARVEY GRACE. (Oxford Press, and Milford. 6s.)

An Introduction to the Music of R. Vaughan Williams. By A. E. F. DICKINSON. (Oxford Press, and Milford. 1s. 6d.)

Of these recent books on music the first is much the most important. The author died before the work was completed, but it has been arranged and completed by M. Escarra. It is a detailed analysis of Beethoven's sixteen quartets. M. de Marliave was a passionate admirer of the quartets, and every now and then we have this kind of description: "A great soul rises above the trials of human suffering, out of the darkness of irreparable grief to spiritual strength and power, vigour, vitality, and triumph over the hosts of evil, over the bitterness of fate, to inner peace and reconciliation." These heroics are apparently necessary in all books of musical appreciation or analysis. But they can be ignored in this book because it also contains plenty of meat in the shape of solid analysis by an intelligent and scholarly student.

Students of music will also be glad to have the two books of Belaiev translated. They are issued in artistic paper covers. The one on Musorgsky's "Boris" is especially interesting. That opera had an extraordinary history. There are two versions of it by Musorgsky himself, and it was "revised" by Rimsky-Korsakov. The original version was never published, and it has recently been made available for the first time by the Oxford University Press. Belaiev's book gives a full account of its history and some analysis of this original version.

Of Sir Henry Hadow's essays, perhaps the first two are the most interesting, in which he considers the tendencies and aspects of modern music. The first was written in 1906, and the second in 1915. In 1915 Schönberg was the last word in modernity, in 1906 Debussy and Max Reger. Sir Henry Hadow, it is pleasant to see, keeps an open mind, and welcomes experimenters and innovators. But he is also one who sees no reason why he should not stand by Beethoven's 5th Symphony merely because he thinks it surpassed by the Hymn in the A minor quartet. Mr. Harvey Grace, the well-known critic of the *MUSICAL TIMES*, also republishes his essays. They are brightly written and often of considerable interest. One in which he considers the "music" of some "popular" songs is particularly entertaining. Mr. de Selincourt's book is also an essay, very thoughtful and well written, attempting an analysis of the enjoyment derived from music.

Mr. Colles's book originated in lectures delivered at Glasgow University. One cannot agree with all his theories and judgments, but there is much interesting material in the book, particularly in his remarks on Purcell and Handel. Mr. Dickinson's book appears in the "Musical Pilgrim" series. It is analytical with an appreciative introduction. All Mr. Vaughan Williams's chief works are dealt with.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

The American Federal System. By K. SMELLIE. (Williams & Norgate. 5s.)

MR. SMELLIE follows none of the usual methods of dealing with the Federal system; he does not submit each clause of the American Constitution to reverential dissection, nor does he eulogize it as the most perfect fabric of human genius, nor denounce it as an instrument of the propertied class. There is both perception and wit in his kindly and ironic detachment, and his frequent epigrams are pointed expressions of ideas, not flashy substitutes for thought. It is a concentrated little book which discusses not only the legal format, but also the actual working of institutions in their social setting. The best chapter is perhaps that on the Judiciary, where Mr. Smellie works out with many interesting examples the way in which an economic doctrine has been unconsciously assumed by the Supreme Court. Thus a special Amendment had to be passed to make a Federal Income Tax legal, and the regulation by State and Federal Legislatures of hours, wages, and conditions of labour have all been pronounced unconstitutional. Of course, none of these things were dreamt of by the Fathers of the Constitution, while the framers of the fourteenth Amendment intended to protect the negro from oppression, not to perpetuate the irresponsibility of private property. As Mr. Justice Holmes has put it, "the fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'Social Statics'" for ever, and the psychologist, the historian, and the lawyer may all be interested to observe the way in which the meaning of the unalterable Constitution alters in spite of the efforts of judges to avoid the contagion of public opinion or the adoption of a conscious social philosophy. Mr. Smellie's book would have benefited by a summarizing or concluding chapter, though that would have forced him to the perhaps uncongenial task of passing judgments and expressing his own views. As it is, Mr. Smellie has written the best short introduction to the problems of American Federal government yet published in English.

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THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY REACHES ROME

The Cambridge Ancient History. Vol. VII.—**The Hellenistic Monarchies and the Rise of Rome.** Edited by S. A. COOK, F. E. ADCOCK, and M. P. CHARLESWORTH. (Cambridge University Press. 37s. 6d.)

THE Cambridge Ancient History, pursuing its tortuous course round the Mediterranean, has arrived, somewhat belatedly, at Rome. The decision of the editors to defer all treatment of Roman history until the present volume, has at least the advantage, so conspicuously lacking in many of the previous volumes, that several centuries of consecutive history can be presented consecutively. But it has the disadvantage that what is in the general scheme of the History a study of the third century B.C., must be treated by the rigorously rationed reviewer as though it were concerned almost exclusively with Rome: there is much curious and interesting material in the histories of the Hellenistic kings and kinglets, the successors of Alexander, on which he would willingly linger; as it is, he can do no more than refer to them in passing, before the preponderant importance of Rome monopolizes his attention.

It seems probable that there are many well-educated people who will realize for the first time, when they come to study this volume, how completely the structure of early Roman history has been demolished during the last twenty years. When the present writer began learning Roman history, fifteen years ago, he was taught to regard the early books of Livy as on a par with the histories of Herodotus, containing a certain accretion of fable, that is, but on the whole authentic. To-day the work of the Italian savants, Pais and De Sanctis, has reduced the substance of these books to the status of mythology. Indeed, it is difficult to see how early Roman history can ever be taught in schools again. For when the stories of Livy and Dionysius have been split into their component parts of plagiarism from Greek legend and ætiological figment, what is there left to teach? All that remains are the bare facts of the existence of Rome at an early stage of history with some measure of hegemony over the neighbouring City-States, her period of primitive monarchy, her temporary subordination to Etruria about the end of the seventh century, her change from monarchy to aristocracy (whether gradual or catastrophic is disputed), her final emergence by uncertain stages into the light of authentic history at the beginning of the third century as mistress of Central Italy; and no probability at all of anything more being discovered. It is true that we have a vast store of information, increasing every year, about the early institutions of Rome, but this is a poor compensation for the complete loss of her political history. We feel in some obscure way as though knowledge had been, not acquired, but destroyed.

Dr. Stuart Jones and Mr. Last, as exhibitors of the ruins, have adequately performed their gruesome task, but their chief concern has been to preserve as much as is critically possible of the old traditional history: those scholars, for example, who would discard the Seven Kings altogether, are viewed with disfavour. On the question of the influence of Etruria on Rome, the one question of first importance on which fresh evidence will probably be forthcoming, Mr. Last is refreshingly sceptical. Clearly, he disagrees as vehemently as the bonds of collegueship permit with the learned author of the sections on Etruria in Volume IV. It seems that the wave of enthusiasm for Etruria is on the ebb. In M. Homo's book, "L'Italie primitive," published three years ago, we were told that Rome derived from the Etruscan occupation the greater part of her institutions and culture. Mr. Last, on the other hand, considers that Etruscan influence on Rome was entirely desultory, and only marked in the direction of the arts. This is as it should be. The Etruscans, now that their first glamour has gone, are seen to be an unpleasant, destructive people, worshipping "a gloomy brood of bogies"; it is quite unnecessary, until conclusive proof is given, to accept them as the spiritual ancestors of our own spiritual ancestor, Rome.

The Cambridge Ancient History is a great and noble work, but the emotion it commonly inspires is respect rather than affection. It is too ponderous, too pontifical, too con-

scious of its dignity as "the standard work for years to come," too prone to unjustifiable dogmatism one minute and irritating vagueness the next. It is all the more pleasant, therefore, to record how attractive many of the sections of this volume are. Mr. Angus's chapter on the literature and philosophy of third-century Athens, for instance, is a fine summary. The History's maps, each with its own index, are beyond criticism or praise, and why all maps in all history books are not inserted so that they can be opened out ready for reference in connection with the relevant text, is a mystery still requiring a satisfactory explanation.

A. W. BRAITHWAITE.

GEORGIAN SOCIETY

At Cheltenham Spa. By EDITH HUMPHRIS and the late CAPTAIN E. C. WILLOUGHBY. (Knopf. 10s. 6d.)

CHELTHENHAM to-day is a flourishing enough town. As a sporting centre it still has some prominence; it has won fame for its education of young ladies, whose curriculum must shock the ghosts of their Georgian ancestors, with their "polite accomplishments" and "sensibility"; and it is a paradise for elderly spinsters and retired colonels, whose life is one long idyll of reading the reactionary Press, of watching the growing depravity of the modern world in general, and of the lower orders in particular, and of comparing ailments and symptoms. It is for such elements in our population that the quickest trains in the world are run. These chocolate-and-cream coloured expresses bear on their destination-boards the legend: "Paddington and Cheltenham Spa." But, socially, if not medically, the Spa has long since ceased to be a Spa, and now lives, save in retrospect and imagination, as the mere name of a railway station.

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of the fortuitous origin of things that this discovery, which was to give local rise to fashion and frivolity, was made by a strait-laced Quaker. As a village, Cheltenham can trace back its history for two thousand years. As a town, it owes its existence to that saline spring, which at first was free to all comers, but was soon railed in and provided with the additional attraction of a bowling green. The fame of the waters, quantities of which were sent all over England, quickly spread, and Thomas Hughes, who took over the Old Well from the original owner, built the first pump-room and planted the Upper and Lower Walks with elms. But, owing to the execrable state of the Cotswold roads, there was no sudden influx of visitors. In 1738 the first coach, or "flying machine," to London was advertised, the journey to be accomplished, "if God permits," in "the short space of three days." By 1743 the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lady Suffolk, and other social luminaries had found their way to Cheltenham, while Shenstone, the poet, had lost his, and had embodied his experience of a wild Cotswold night in the seventh Elegy. In 1744 the dramatic history of the Spa, which is full of interest, opened, an old malt house being used for the first theatre. Yet, thirty years later, when Mrs. Siddons made her earliest appearance there, the town was described by Thomas Campbell, the poet, as consisting of "only one tolerable street, through the middle of which ran a clear stream of water, with stepping-stones that served as a bridge." It was not until 1780 that Cheltenham emerged out of villagedom; and its popularity was securely established in 1788 by the visit of George III., who rose at six o'clock in the morning to drink the waters, and who, dispensing with his retinue, strutted about the streets in his favourite rôles of "Farmer" or "Citizen."

Fashionable visitors now flocked to Cheltenham in the summer, though "the Bath" remained without a serious rival as a winter resort. The "Cheltenham Cap," the "Cheltenham Bonnet," and the "Cheltenham Buckles," became *de rigueur*, and, as a London journal said, all the fashions were "completely Cheltenhamized." In this admirable book, with its entertaining extracts from contemporary diaries and newspapers, a successful attempt has been made to recapture the atmosphere of the Spa during its hey-day. Not only kings and queens, famous actors and writers, dandies and belles are reclothed with flesh and blood, but a host of quaint "hangers-on" are retrieved from obscurity. Nor are sedate visitors like Wesley and Handel overlooked. The joint authors fully substantiate their claim of presenting a living picture of "Georgians in a Georgian Town."

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♠ A Q		♠ x x x
♥ x x		♥ K x
♦ K Q x		♦ A 10 x x x x
♣ A K Q x x x		♣ J x

♠ K J 10 x		♠ x x x x
♥ A Q 10 x		♥ J x x x x
♦ J x x		♦ x
♣ x x		♣ 10 x x

	Y	
A		B
	Z	

The score was love-all in the rubber game. Z dealt and called "No Bid"; A, "No Bid"; Y, "One No-Trump"; B, "No Bid" (rightly, I think, as he was afraid of both the major suits). It was now Z's turn to bid again. He called "Two Hearts," and was left in. The result was pathetic. YZ lost four tricks in Hearts, a trick in Diamonds, and a trick in Spades, and were one down on their contract. In No-Trumps, with the lead of a Diamond from B, they would easily have made game and rubber.

At the conclusion of this fiasco, Z said—what surely has a familiar ring for all of us—"I had to take you out, Partner; my Hearts were so weak."

Now this is an illustration of what, in my opinion, is one of the commonest—and certainly one of the most expensive—of errors, the "take-out" of a No-Trump call from weakness. There are, no doubt, occasions on which it "comes off"; a more suitable call than that of the original No-Trump is arrived at, and its advantage finds reflection in the score. But these occasional successes are illusory; in the long run they do far more harm than good. I advise all players who are in the habit of taking-out a No-Trump, on such hands as that held by Z, to consider, not only the actual results which they achieve, but also the alternative results, on each occasion, of leaving the No-Trump call in. They will soon enough be convinced of the error of their ways.

The defence that is put up for this vicious "take-out" from weakness assumes, as a rule, one of two forms:—

(1) "I had to show you the Hearts, partner; there was nothing else in my hand." The answer to this is, clearly, that one is "having to show" something that is not there—in short, one is giving false information. In the example quoted, the opponents of the declarer made four out of their six tricks in Hearts!

(2) Alternatively: "Oh, but if you had anything in Hearts, partner, it was a certain game." Perhaps! But why should it be supposed that one's partner's strength is in Hearts? If one holds five Hearts one's self, one's partner is less likely to hold the Hearts strongly than he is to hold any of the other suits; one is gambling therefore, in any case, on an unlikely chance. Moreover, if one's partner holds Hearts or Spades strongly, he is more likely to call the suit in question than to call No-Trumps. It is largely (as in the example given) upon the foundation of a strong minor suit that No-Trump calls are based, and to take out the No-Trump call into a suit, in such cases, may well be to deprive one's own side of its strongest attacking weapon.

There are other arguments against the "take out" from weakness which are worth noting:—

(1) Unless the suit called is held strongly by the original No-Trumper, the "take-out" is a clear declaration of weakness. It advertises to one's opponents the very fact that one is anxious to keep dark. As soon as Z (in our example) made his call of Two Hearts, A knew that the game was saved.

(2) It shuts out one's opponents from calling the suit under conditions which might well yield a profitable double. If Z, in our example, had not called Two Hearts, A might have done so, and B might even have raised him to Three Hearts—with disastrous consequences.

(3) Finally, it prevents the original declarer from differentiating between a suit call of Two, made from weakness, and the same call made from strength. It is most important that he should know, as precisely as possible, what his partner's call indicates. In short, the "take-out" of an original No-Trump (with no call from one's opponents intervening) should always be from strength.

COMPANY MEETING.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED.

INDUSTRIAL POSITION AND OUTLOOK.

MR. F. C. GOODENOUGH'S ADDRESS.

The THIRTY-FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of Barclays Bank, Limited, was held on January 17th at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

MR. FREDERICK CRAFTURD GOODENOUGH (the chairman) said: My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I will call upon the secretary to read the notice of meeting and the certificate of the auditors, which appears at the foot of the balance-sheet and profit and loss account that have been submitted to you.

The SECRETARY (Mr. W. N. Seeley) then read the formal notice convening the meeting and the report of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., and Messrs. Kemp, Chatteris, Nichols, Sendell & Co.

The CHAIRMAN, proceeding, said: Referring to the balance-sheet you will see that the total of the current and deposit accounts with the bank on December 31st last amounted to the sum of £335,081,222 12s. 2d., which compares with the total of £318,373,471 17s. 6d. on December 31st, 1927, and represents, therefore, a substantial and satisfactory increase.

The increase is due chiefly to the large number of new accounts opened with the bank during the past year at almost all our branches, but more especially at branches in the London and Metropolitan areas, in which the continued growth, both of population and business generally, constitutes one of the features of the present day. This increase in the number of accounts shows that the proportion of the total population making use of banking facilities is steadily growing, and this is due both to the higher level of wages in certain directions since the War and to the general spread of wealth throughout the country, with the result that there are more people than formerly who are in a position to open banking accounts. This must be for the benefit of the community as a whole, especially at the present time, when all the resources of the country are needed for financial and industrial developments.

THE PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Returning to the balance-sheet, our profits for the year ended December 31st last, after making provision for losses which may be incurred in connection with advances to customers owing to the serious and prolonged state of depression in many of the chief industries of the country, amount to the sum of £2,301,285 9s. 5d., which is approximately the same as for the preceding year, although the actual amount of funds in the hands of the bank for employment has been larger during the past year. On the other hand, rates of discount and for short loans in the market, as well as for certain other advances, have been lower than in the preceding year, and the Bank-rate has remained at £4 10s. per cent. throughout the year, as compared with an average of £4 13s. per cent. during the preceding year.

The appropriations out of profits are set out in the report, and the board recommend the payment of dividends at the same rate as in previous years, which they think should be considered as being both satisfactory and prudent, having regard to the existing conditions.

THE LANCASHIRE COTTON INDUSTRY

Turning to the Lancashire cotton industry, a scheme has lately been discussed for the formation of a new institution to acquire a great number of mills which are chiefly engaged in the Far Eastern trade. The object of the scheme is that of regaining the trade which is being lost by enabling these mills to buy their raw material more cheaply and to organize their productions through the various mills working in combination upon the most up-to-date and economic lines, as well as to market their cotton goods by means of the most favourable selling organization for the purpose. Such a scheme would certainly receive the greatest amount of encouragement from the banks provided it is approved by those who would be principally concerned and who are most able to judge of its merits. But it seems as though there might be some difficulty in reconciling the interests of all parties, including the management and others engaged in the trade. Speaking generally, the banks would find it difficult to exercise compulsion upon customers to enter into the scheme in the case of live concerns, but they would certainly wish to help in the promotion of any sound scheme which would be of advantage to the cotton industry and which their customers would themselves wish to adopt as being calculated to benefit them.

CURRENCY DEVELOPMENTS

Another important factor affecting industry and trade has been the stabilization of currencies in terms of gold by certain countries, and especially France, during the year. It may now be said that for all practical purposes the stabilization of world currencies on a gold basis has been virtually completed, and this should prove a factor in the stabilization of price levels as between one country and another.

In our own case, the final step has been taken of transferring to the Bank of England the former Treasury Note issue, the limit for the total fiduciary issue having been fixed at £260,000,000, as compared with £18,450,000 before the War. The Bank of England may also issue notes beyond the fiduciary limit, if fully covered by gold. It is provided by the Currency and Bank Notes Act, 1928, that the Bank of England and the Treasury, acting in agreement, may reduce the fiduciary limit as and when they may think fit, while provision is also made for an expansion in the fiduciary limit should the circumstances warrant. The power to reduce the fiduciary circulation would probably be utilized if, after a period, it appeared that the currency available was permanently in excess of the country's needs, as, for example, might prove to be the case in the event of an appreciable and permanent fall in price levels. On the other hand, the provision for expansion might be of great advantage in the future, should the existing limit prove insufficient for the genuine needs of trade and industry. The question as to whether an increase or reduction in the fiduciary limit should be made would be, in any case, a matter requiring expert knowledge, and it is satisfactory to know that the control of the amount of the fiduciary issue is now placed in the hands of the Bank of England, in conjunction with the Treasury, rather than that it should be subject to political influences and pressure from time to time.

At present, when our national liabilities are very heavy, it is of great importance that prices in this country should be maintained as far as possible at the level at which they now stand, and that there should not be any appreciable reductions in the general level of prices or in wages; a reduction in prices would have the effect of increasing the real burden of our National Debt. On the other hand, I think it is generally understood that it is essential in the interest of industry and trade that the price levels prevailing here from time to time should not be higher than those in other countries.

The League of Nations is now studying the important question of preventing undue fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold, or, in other words, the general level of prices of commodities, but uncertainties as to the future level of gold production and differences of opinion as to the relationship which gold should bear to currency and credit may present serious difficulties; but great benefit should result to world trade supposing approximate stabilization of the value of gold should be found to be possible.

FUTURE TENDENCY

Looking to the future, it is impossible to foresee what is likely to be the tendency in respect to movements of gold, as so many factors are involved. Germany's trading position has shown an unfavourable trend of late, largely owing to the labour dispute and to stoppage of work in the iron and steel industry which took place there towards the end of the year. Unemployment has increased and is substantially higher than it was a year ago. In spite, however, of the decline in trade activity in Germany, the country as a whole has made considerable progress during the past year, but whether she will continue to take gold from us or from America or will be in a position to retain the gold she already holds must be a matter of great uncertainty. The position will be influenced to a very considerable extent by any resettlement that may take place of the Reparation payments to be made by her, to which I have already referred.

It is also difficult to foresee whether renewed speculation or other causes affecting money rates in America will lead to a transfer of balances or gold from London to New York, and what, therefore, may be the demands upon our gold reserves. These reserves should be regarded to a very considerable extent like a banker's cash and should be capable, therefore, of being used freely to meet the demands that may arise in the ordinary course of business, as well as of being replenished and maintained at a safe figure out of ordinary receipts or through the realization of liquid assets or securities.

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

TRUSTS—IMPERIAL TOBACCO—ASSOCIATED PORTLAND—TIN—CALLENDERS

IT is often a thankless task to invest other people's money. Nevertheless the courage of investment trust company directors grows visibly. Last year the investment trust company issues in the London market reached the impressive total of £31,450,000, which was $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of all the money publicly subscribed, and twice the total of all the 1928 foreign loans. The coming issue of Nineteen Twenty-Nine Investment Trust Ltd. deserves a word because the prospectus declares that applications from Irish investors will receive special consideration. We understand that the Governor of the Bank of Ireland blessed the formation of this Trust, which, like the Nineteen Twenty-Eight Investment Trust, will be managed by Messrs. M. Samuel & Co. At the same time two big investment trust issues are being floated in New York—Tricontinental Corporation, by Messrs. J. & W. Seligman, with a capital of \$50,000,000, and Prudential Investors Inc., by Messrs. J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation, in conjunction with the Dupont interests. Prudential Investors has issued 750,000 common shares of no par value at \$27, with no preferred stock or bonds. This should whet the appetite of the American investor.

Low's cartoon of the Bank chairmen as the high priests officiating at the altar of the golden calf might be equally appropriate if he had drawn the golden calf as a "bull." But the speeches of the Bank chairmen this year appear to be suffering from an unusual restraint. The industrial share markets have to take their cue of "bullishness" from other lips. The one-in-four free share bonus of the Imperial Tobacco Company was therefore a godsend. In November last we expressed the opinion that the formation of the Tobacco Securities Trust by the B.A.T., which gave a handsome bonus to Imperial, left still less excuse for the directors of Imperial to withhold a bonus from their own shareholders. The investments of the Imperial Tobacco at October 31st, 1927, were valued at £20,509,778. There is a large hidden reserve in this item, but for the purposes of the present 25 per cent. share bonus the directors have tapped another hidden reserve—the leaf fluctuation account—and have transferred £4,000,000 from this account to general reserve which, together with £500,000 from the year's profits, is brought up to £11,500,000. About £7,500,000 of this reserve is capitalized and distributed by way of bonus shares. The cash dividends are increased from 25 per cent. to 26 per cent., free of tax. This suggests that a lower rate of distribution is to be paid in future. 26 per cent., free, on the old ordinary capital is equivalent to 20.8 per cent. on the new. The presumed earnings for last year work out at 25.6 per cent. on the increased capital. The shares have risen to 137s. 6d., the rights being valued at 26s. 6d. If, say, a $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., free, dividend were paid for 1929 the shares at 111s. would yield 4 per cent. free. If a 25 per cent. tax free dividend, the yield would be $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., free of tax.

Cement shares will now have to stand the test of the publication next March of the 1928 reports. For five months of that year there was a price war between the Associated Portland Cement group on the one hand and the Horne group and certain independent companies on the other. This came to an end in November, when the Horne group and the independents joined the Cement Manufacturers' Association. The price war must have cost both parties considerable sums, but we do not anticipate that the Associated Portland will reduce its dividend of 8 per cent. Lower costs, larger sales, and higher dividends from its foreign investments should enable the Associated Portland to show comparatively little drop in net profits. In 1927 British Portland made a net profit of £550,000, of which 75 per cent. belonged to Associated Portland. Adding these earnings of £413,000 to the Associated's net profit of £752,000, and deducting prior charges of £330,000, there

remained earnings of £835,000, or 27 per cent. on Associated's ordinary shares before sinking funds or depreciation. Hence the maintenance of an 8 per cent. dividend for 1928 may be expected with some confidence.

As regards 1929 the prospects of the Associated Portland group may be considered excellent. Now that their big programme of reconstruction is practically completed there will be no occasion to put such large sums to depreciation as in the last five years. In 1927 the two companies allocated to sinking funds and depreciation reserves £650,000. Some savings will be effected under this heading in 1929. If consumption of cement in Great Britain continues its normal increase this year, the output of the group will increase and costs will decrease. The following figures show the growth in the export and fall in the import trade in cement in 1928 as compared with 1927:—

	1927	1928
Imports	417,000 tons	276,000 tons
Exports	754,000 tons	910,000 tons

Of the export trade approximately 70 per cent. was accounted for by Associated and British Portland. A fair increase in the 1929 profits and dividends of the Associated Portland Cement, as a result of savings and increased sales, seems very probable.

Without endorsing the estimates of tin production and consumption compiled by the Anglo-Oriental group we quote the following figures from their January bulletin:—

	1927	1928	% increase
World supplies	139,389 tons	159,148 tons	14.2%
World consumption	138,780 tons	152,619 tons	10.0%
Excess of supply	609 tons	6,529 tons	

The addition of 6,529 tons to the world stocks, on the Anglo-Oriental showing, was considerable, and explains the fall in the price of spot tin from £265 a ton to £206 per ton last July. The subsequent recovery to £224 reflected the buying of "bull" interests as well as increasing consumption. The forecasts of world production and consumption for 1929 of the Anglo-Oriental group would prepare the way for a further upward movement in the prices, production being estimated at 166,600 tons and consumption at 167,800 tons. It is reasonable, of course, to anticipate a further increase in the consumption of tin by the automobile and packing industries in America, but we think that the increased output which is being budgeted for in the Straits supplies and in Nigeria (following on the hydro-electricification of the Bauchi plateau) will make the metal market remain sensitive if any check to consumption should occur.

Among the industrial reports for 1928, those of companies engaged in the manufacture of cables and wires should be not unsatisfactory. Callenders Cable & Construction Company should be one of them. This company has been somewhat reserved in its dividend policy. Fifteen per cent. has been paid since 1921, and in spite of the capital bonus of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. in 1925 the earnings on the increased ordinary share capital in 1926 and 1927 came out at 29.87 per cent. and 30.36 per cent. respectively. In other words, Callenders paid less than half what they earned in 1927. Last year their earnings may show a slight decline, but there are the economies to be considered following on the closer working arrangement with British Insulated Cables and Henleys Telegraph Works. The Chairman last June, referring to the national scheme for electrical development, said that since the beginning of 1928 details for the Government's plans in many parts of England had been adopted and that first contracts for the "overhead grid" would be proceeded with immediately. At $4\frac{1}{2}$ the shares yield 3.53 per cent., or 7.14 per cent. on earnings.

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